Senate Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

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Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

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FOR SALE.

The residence and adjoining property of J. T. Simpson, on the corner of Main and Fairford Streets.

House and lots in Block 109, north side of River street, and Lots 4 and 7 in Block 121.

Horses, phaeton, cutter, sleighs, robes, etc., etc.

All accounts must be settled at once, or will be collected with costs.

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Wholesale Dealer and Importer of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, Loadon Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Ports, Sherries, Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ginger and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guinness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.

Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 18 o'clock.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WAGHORN'S GUIDE

BIG BARGAINS AT.... W. R. CAMPBELL'S.

We are selling the entire stock at cost. Dont fail to call and see the large stock yet on hand for you to pick from. All good new stock; just look at these goods:—

Heavy flannelette, 32 inch wide, 11 cents, now going at 8½ cents; good flannelette, 7 cents, now going at 6 cents; also a good line of towels from 18 cents to 40 cents per pair; a special full line of men's duck for pantings from 14 cents upward; a special line of Gingham from 8½ cents; Good heavy winter quilts for double bed, $1.40; thick heavy white honey-combed quilts 90 cents; special line of creton, 13 cents; dress plaids, 7 cents and upwards; men's underwear 25 cents per piece, men's linen collars, 9 cents; men's celluloid collars 13 cents; black cashmere, double width, 21 cents per yard; marble table oil cloth, 25 cents per yard; ladies' fine boots, $1.15, $1.05, $1.35, $1.65, and $1.40; children's fine boots, 90 cents, spring heel 95 cents, low shoe 70 cents; men's heavy boots, one piece, $1.48, $1.38 and $1.26; men's fine gater boots $1.68, lace, $1.63 and $1.60. Special cheap line in shovels, spades, hoes, garden rakes, forks of all kinds, granite and tinware, paints and oils, stoves, etc, Perfume, etc. All kinds of groceries going at cost. 125 sacks of flour at cost—Strong Baker, Lillie, Patent, Hungarian; also ready made clothing of all kinds. Now is the time to give us a call when goods and prices will speak for themselves. Full line of all kinds of cutlery, also special full line of cigars, pipes, etc. Piano and organs going at cost, also one No. 7 Taylor safe at cost. Store, house and lot; house and lot and two vacant lots; one lot, house and stable. For Sale:—One horse, one phaton, one cutter, one delivery wagon and one delivery sleigh.

W. R. CAMPBELL.

Matt. Fletcher,

(The Farmer's Friend)

Late of York, England.

Skilled Blacksmith. Horse-shoeing a Specialty.

I have made a number of hand-drills, containing six bits; prices away down.

A call solicited, when my workmanship will speak for itself.

Forge, River Street, West,

(Near Brunswick Hotel.)

BUSINESS MEN, WHY DO YOU ADVERTISE?

For fun, for pleasure, of for publicity? Not for the first two for a certainty, and if you don't want the third keep your "ad." out of THE TIMES, for then the people of Moose Jaw and the farmers of the surrounding district will not see it; but at the same time always remember that

PUBLICITY PAVES THE ATH TO ROSPERITY.

"D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of Sciatica and Chronic Rheumatism and am very much pleased with the effects and prompt relief it has produced.—W. E. CARSON, M.D., Head Orford, Quebec.

I have used Menthol Plaster in several cases of muscular rheumatism, and find in every case that it gives almost instant and permanent relief.—J. E. BOURQUE M.D., Washington, D.C.

It Cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

Price 25c. | Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd. Sole Proprietors, MONTREAL.

TOWN COUNCIL.

A Short Session—$500.00 Offered for Balance of Town Hall Lots and Scales.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Aldermen of Moose Jaw, was held in the council chamber Monday evening. His Worship Mayor Bogue presided, and Councillors Healey, Hannah, Herrler and Wilson were present.

Communications were received from Messrs. Hitchcock & McCulloch, offering the weigh scales and balance of town hall lot for $600, or including the building for $650; Wm. Grayson, solicitor, re notice to J. W. Glassford; J. W. Glassford, re building on Langdon Crescent; Mrs. Bole, Secretary of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church, asking for a rebate on the rent of town hall. Tenders were received from H. U. Rorison, and S. Wallace for the ditching of Manitoba street. Accounts were read from H. U. Rorison ($8.40), Jno. Brass ($33), and J. H. Fingland.

In the matter of the purchase of the town hall lots, the Council was not willing to pay the price asked, but made an offer of $500 for the lots and scales thereon. Regarding the building on the lot it must be moved at once.

The account of J. H. Fingland was referred by the Mayor to the Finance Committee.

The account of Jno. Brass, for putting ventilators on town hall, was ordered to be paid, Mr. Hannah objected to the paying of this account, on the ground that the ventilators leaked.

The chairman of the Board of Works was authorized to have the town hall roof repaired and made water proof at once.

The communications of Wm. Grayson and J. W. Glassford, in reference to the moving of the latters house, were filed.

The Council declined to grant any rebate on the rent of the town hall, to the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church, and the clerk was instructed to notify the secretary to that effect.

On motion by Coun. Hannah, seconded by Coun. Healey, the clerk was also instructed to purchase a new collector's roll.

The tenders of S. Wallace and H. U. Rorison, for the ditching of Manitoba street and delivery of gravel, were rejected, and the work will be done by day labor under the supervision of the chairman of the Board of Works, who was also authorized to have gravel or cinders put on streets where it was required. Work to be done by H. U. Rorison and S. Wallace, at 40 cents per yard. Half the quantity to be drawn by each.

Ministers in the House.

In the new House are two Presbyterian ministers, Rev. Jas. Douglas, Patron, East Assiniboia, and Rev. G. R. Maxwell, Liberal, Burrard, B.C., a new constituency.

Mr. Douglas was a student at Knox College, Toronto, graduating in his last year at Princeton. He was stationed successfully at Uxbridge and Cobourg, and then went to India as the first male missionary of the canadian Presbyterian church. He remained in India for a number of years and then returned to the canadian North-West, when he carried on missionary work for some time longer. He retired from the ministry a short time ago. Mr. Douglas is a free and graceful speaker, and is likely to make his influence felt in the House.

Mr. Maxwell is a resident of Vancouver, and one of the ablest men on the coast. He was pastor until quite recently of the First Presbyterian church, the congregation of which built for him a splendid edifice, one of the finest in the city. Mr. Maxwell is a man of considerable debating power, and will prove a desirable accession to the House.

Chicago expects to have a tower which will be the highest structure of its kind ever constructed. It will be called the City Tower, and be 1,500 feet high and 300 feet square at the base.

Prof. Robertson's Visit.

On Saturday last Prof. Robertson, head of the Dominion Dairy Department, arrived in town from Brandon, where he had been attending the Farmer's Institute convention. During the forenoon he inspected the Moose Jaw creamery and was well pleased with the condition in which he found it. In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Moorhouse, he visited the north district, following the course of the hail storm. Arriving in town again, he then went south as far as Old Wives Lake, visiting the different ranchers in that locality. He reports the hay crop in that district as being the heaviest he has ever seen.

Flies are very troublesome this year, and the Prof. intends making an experiment next spring which he thinks will lessen the evil of this pest. His idea is to send up two spraying machines, and the cattle will be sprinkled lightly twice a week with a solution of coal oil, grease and warm water. If the experiment proves successful, each farmer can obtain one for his own use; and as the total cost for the season, including the price of the machine, would not be more than ten dollars, perhaps it would be a paying investment.

Mr. Robertson is in hopes of having established in the Territories nine more creameries, which will be under government control His scheme is to have the government build the creameries and supply all the necessary equipments, for which the different Associations could pay by an extra charge of one cent per pound for the manufacturing of the butter. A well equipped station would cost about $3000.00, and if it was at all well patronized, the out-put would average 100,000 pounds a year; thus, by paying the extra cent for manufacturing, the creamery could be paid for in three year's time.

Mr. Robertson will be in Moose Jaw again sometime in September or October, when he will address a public meeting of the farmers of the district.

He left on Sunday for Regina, thence to Prince Albert, and intends returning to Ottawa to-day.

Intelligent Voters.

The voters of the village of Caughnawauga, an Indian village near Montreal are priding themselves upon the fact that in the recent election not a single ballot cast in the village was rejected as spoiled. They allege also that since their enfranchisement only two ballots have been spoiled and these two wilfully. In view of the enormous number of ballots rejected as spoiled in other parts of the county in either elections, and more especially in the last election, these facts would seem to indicate that the noble red man is possessed of a higher degree of intelligence than his white brother.

Saved Him.

A gentleman residing in New York recently hired a colored boy for a valet. The boy proved a valuable acquisition in everything except one, and that was his practice of economy. He was forever endeavoring to save money for his employer. One day he was sent to get some letters stamped and post them. Upon his return the gentleman asked him if he had attended to it all right.

The boy replied: "I's found a lot of gemmen getting stamps, and as they didn't charge them anything to put the letters in the slot, I saved you 20 cents, 'cause I slipped in yours without stamps." That colored boy was too economical, and he was dispensed with.

Early Hours.

It is said that Hon. Mr. Tarte, the new Minister of Public Works, surprised and alarmed the clerks of his department the other morning by arriving at his office and getting down to work by eight o'clock. No similar event is known within the memory of the oldest official. The Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail* suggests that if Mr. Tarte has any regard for his reputation as a humanitarian, he will not continue this practice, as the average civil servant cannot get to his office before half past nine or remain after four in the evening, without seriously impairing his health. Mr. Tarte is a newspaper man, and that may account for his early hours and industrious habits.

FAREWELL BANQUETS.

The "Boys" do Honor to W. J. Nelson, Q.C., Wm. Simington and Wm. Baxter.

The members of the Moose Jaw Hockey and Base Ball clubs gave a farewell banquet in the Hockey and Skating Rink on Friday evening, July 17th, in honor of Mr. W. J. Nelson, Q. C., who leaves for Rossland, B. C., and Messrs. Wm. Simington and Wm. Baxter, who left the following Sunday for Portland, Oregon.

At half past eight o'clock about thirty guests sat down to a table heavily ladened with oranges, watermellons, plums, bananas, nuts, and in fact nearly all the varieties of fruit of a tropical climate. Besides this there were ice cream, lemonade, cake and other refreshments, which the ladies of Moose Jaw know so well how to make.

After ample justice had been done to the good things provided, the chairman, Mr. C. A. Gass, after a few appropriate remarks, proposed the toast to the three departing friends, and requested all to stand and sing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

Mr. Nelson replied to the toast, for himself and his two young friends, by a neat speech delivered in his usual style. During his five years' residence in Moose Jaw he had grown to be much attached to the town, and especially to the boys who have always taken a great interest in the different sports. He was a firm believer in legitimate sport and would endeavor to do all in his power to encourage such. The most powerful nations of the world were those whose subjects indulged in manly out-door exercise, for instance, the Grecians, the Romans and the English of the present day, were all largely athletic nations. After saying a few words on behalf of his friends, and expressing his deep regrets at having to leave Moose Jaw, Mr. Nelson took his seat.

Short addresses were also delivered by Mr. Sam. Armstrong, captain of the hockey team; Mr. Con. Leary, vice president of the baseball club; Mr. C. A.W. Stunt; Mr. H. McDougall, Hon president of the Hockey and Skating Club; and many others, who all expressed their deep sorrow for the loss of such dear friends and enthusiastic sports. Mr. Nelson recited "Knee Deep in June." Mr. J. O. Thompson sang "Dancing on the Sidewalks of Moose Jaw," and Mr. Armstrong favored those present with "The Night that Pat. Maloney Landed in New York." Messrs Simington, Hawkins and McLeod supplied the music for the occasion. The very enjoyable evening's entertainment was brought to a close by singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

On Tuesday evening last the Templars assembled in large numbers at the council chamber, and after the transaction of general business and the admission by transfer of the Rev. Mr. Wotten into the Council, the formal meeting was adiourned, and ice cream and other refreshments were served by the ladies, in honor of the Select Councillor, who leaves to-morrow for Rossland, B.C. After supper Past Councillor Colpitts presented the following address to Mr. Nelson, accompanied by a valuable Royal Templar Ring, engraved thereon being the words "Hope, Love and Truth," surmounted with the letter "I," symbolic of the word "Immanuel."

To Mr. W. J. Nelson, S.C.,
Glencourse Council No. 9,

Dear Bro. Nelson,—It is with deep feelings of regret we learn of you approaching removal from among us, and the consequent severing of your connection with this Council. During the whole of your membership with us you have shown yourself to be an energetic, self-sacrificing and efficient member and officer and have added greatly to the prosperity of the Council and to the attraction of its meetings.

Feeling, as we do, the great measure of success attained by this Council during the past few years, is due chiefly to your untiring efforts on its behalf, which have raised it to the proud position of the banner council of the North-West Territories, we desire to express our appreciation of your labors with us in the cause of temperance, and hope that this small token of regard will ever remind you of the friends you leave behind you in Glencourse Council No. 9.

Wishing you all prosperity and happiness in your new home we remain yours in hope, love and truth,

Signed on behalf of the Council,
E. COLPITTS.
C. D. J. CHESTER.

Moose Jaw, July 21, 1896.

Mr. Nelson made a lengthy and appropriate reply, and expressed his deep regret at having to sever his connection with Glencourse Council, in which he had always taken the liveliest interest and spent so many happy and profitable evenings.

Rifle Association.

A special meeting of the Moose Jaw Rifle Association was held at the Aberdeen last night. At a late stage of the meeting the riflemen presented Mr. Nelson, their retiring secretary and former vice president, with an address which showed how highly they appreciated the old sportsman, who was one of the best shots and main stays of the club. The address was accompanied by a handsome gold pendant.

Conservative Meeting.

On Wednesday evening a meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association was held in the Aberdeen House. After the transaction of general business, including the passage of all election accounts, Mr. Nelson formally placed his resignation in the hands of the secretary, expressing deep regret that his removal from the town necessitated such action.

A motion was unanimously passed expressive of the regret felt by all the members of the Association.

The Gun Club.

The members of the Moose Jaw Gun Club are again taking a lively interest this season in the Wednesday evening competitions at the pigeon traps in the valley of Thunder Creek, to the south of the town.

So far there is no prize offered to the winners, but in all likelihood there will be a button, medal or some such trophy put up for competition in the near future. There has been three "shoots" this season, the first being held on July 8th. Out of 20 birds, Milestone got 11, Meller 3, and Mr. Hitchcock——a great big goose egg

July 15.—(25 birds) Meller 19, Milestone 16, Hitchcock 14 and Randall 14, Mr. Hitchcock winning the tie.

July 22.—(25 birds) Meller 15, Milestone 13, Smith 12, Hitchcock 11, Macdonald 7, Waddell (20 birds) 7.

A Destructive Hailstorm.

On Thursday of last week the greater part of this district sustained the blessing of a much needed shower of rain; but in some places it was unfortunately accompanied by hail, which completely destroyed several crops in the Buffalo Lake settlement, and wrought great damage to many others. It seemed to come in two strips, of which the north was the worst, as it completely ruined the crops of the three Franks brothers, Jas. McCartney, Geo. Tuxford and Wm. Porter. The south branch affected a greater number of farmers, but was not quite so severe as the north branch. However, it did considerable damage to the crops of Messrs. Maynard, Robinson, Beesley, Bumphrey, Bain, Falkner, Joe. Smith, Hudson, Moore, Capt. Smith, Eston, Webb, Jas. Smith, Powell, and Harry Dorrell, who has lost about one-third of his entire crop, which, allowing twenty bushels to the acre would amount to about 2,000 bushels. Sixteen of the farmers lost on an average two hundred acres each, and the total loss is estimated at 60,000 bushels.

Newberry.

NEWBERRY, July 22.—Since the election excitement the Jew has failed to write. Where on earth is he? has he returned to Jerusalem?

The crop out here is a good color, but at present is wanting a good rain.

Most of the farmers and ranchers have began hay-making. It is extra good this year.

John Newberry cut five tons of timothy hay from four acres that he seeded last year.

Newberry brothers commenced their barley harvest on the 21st. The crop is ordinary and the sample is extra good.

Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey, of Moose Jaw, have been visiting for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Lowe. Mr. Palfrey enjoys haymaking very much.

Mr. D. Whyte, our school teacher, is spending his holidays teaching, and the children are more than pleased with him.

The Rev. Mr. Watson preaches at Robt. Scrli's next Sunday afternoon. All are welcome. THE LARK.

IF YOU WANT...

A first class shave or hair cut, come to a first-class barber shop. Single shave 15cts, hair cut 25cts., 8 shaves for $1.00.

D. McTavish,

HOW I WON MY BLOOMERS

BY C. A. W. M.

Brother Harry rode a bicycle, not merely once in a while, nor yet often, but incessantly.

I have a vivid recollection of his riding pell-mell into the barnyard with a milk-pail strapped to his back, to the bewilderment of our well-behaved cattle, who had never seen such a looking animal before. Such an uproar as it made! Father, with the hired man, and Betsy, our girl, were milking at the time, but with a lunge and a plunge each cow forsook her milker without asking to be excused, and joined the young cattle in a stampede. Away went more than twenty wavy tails around the barn, down the lane, through every gap, until the meadow at the extreme end of the farm was reached.

Betsy's cow, as a parting salute, had overturned the stool on which she was seated, and upset the pail of milk over her, and thus she appeared like a huge tipsy cake. Harry, who had thus far appeared somewhat stunned at the startling effect of his freak, found voice for sympathy.

"Never mind, Betsy, you've become milk and honey at one stroke of Jil's hoof, but I doubt if you have ever had such an expensive bath before."

"Is it expensive you're sayin' Mister Harry, you spalpeen, whin a whole month's wage 'ill not be payin' for the cloes I've ruinated." And Betsy arose with fire and milk in her eye.

Harry did not get quit of this fracas easily, but I shall not enter into the details of his punishment, suffice it to say he never rode the bicycle into the barnyard again when the cows were being milked. But on almost all other occasions it was his companion.

Now, the bicycle was as dear to my heart as it was to Harry's, and I hourly longed to own one. But brother Max, who was opposed to cycling for girls, gained the ear of my father, and I was shut out for some time from this delightful and health-building exercise. Later on I discovered that Max's betrothed, Bessie Laidlaw, was quite a cyclist, whereupon Harry and I entered into a spirited discourse with Max on the advisability of his breaking off the engagement, until he was glad to withdraw from the combat and let us manage father. In a short time I won father over and became the happy possessor of a fine bicycle.

Never shall I forget the first morning I mounted. Harry, as well as myself, was wild with delight, but it was some time before I could ride passably. In about two weeks' time I could ride fairly well, but my speed was not great, and I was much encumbered by my skirts, which made it impossible for me to move my limbs freely. I did not feel as free as the birds by any means, nor yet as free as Harry and his male friends. I could see Harry's ardor for a companion on his wheeling expeditions was somewhat abated in a month's time. He was doubtless growing tired of talking over his shoulder, and fearing that I should lose my cavalier I did my utmost to ride gracefully and at the same time keep up a decent rate of speed. But alas for my efforts! I made as much flopping as the family clothes-line on wash days, and my speed was not equal to Jack The Giant-Killer's in his three-leagued boots, nor Hiawatha's in his moccasins.

One morning after I had overtaxed my strength in a vain struggle to better my reputation as a "wheeler," I suddenly found myself lying in the ditch. I had been taking a down grade run and my skirts becoming unmanageable, had prevented my giving all my attention to my speed. Up came a foot from a stirrup, and with a sudden tip, over I went.

How I felt as I lay there in a helpless condition, rendered still more helpless than my injuries warranted, by my "swaddling clothes." I inwardly chafed at being a girl for no other reason than that I had to go through life in petticoats. They prevented my walking any distance, as they tired me so. They prevented my walking when the wind blew. They prevented my climbing the mountain. They prevented my going up stairs with both hands full. They kept me in when it rained. They kept me in when the snow was a cat's paw deep. They engaged the exclusive use of my hands to look after them. They took away the free use of the legs God gave me. They had given me the rheumatism, inflammation of the lungs, nervous debility, and other ailments too numerous to mention. They kept me cool in winter and warm in summer. And now they had brought me into the ditch with my bicycle!

I felt sure that my bicycle had sustained many if not fatal injuries as well as myself. I was ill for some weeks after, quite, ill, and it was about three months before I fully recovered from all the injuries sustained, namely, a sprained ankle, a dislocated shoulder, an injured knee and a bruised head.

I asked if my bicycle had recovered and found that father had sold it.

"He was not going to have his child done to death by a bicycle," he said.

Something came to me then that I had never possessed before. I had the moral courage to tell my father a few plain facts.

"No," said I, "you are seeing me done to death but not by a bicycle. Every muscle in my body was given me for use, and will only become strong by use. Now I would like you to tell me how I am to use them under my present environments. I am being done to death by that barbarous thing called custom, and that monstrous thing called fashion. I am harnessed up, laced up, buttoned up, boned up, hooked up, sewed up, pinned up, buckled up, and strapped up. Everything has been done since infancy that possibly could be thought of to make me a helpless, useless, muscleless insipid young lady. It has been entirely overlooked that I might wish to become a woman instead of a mountebank."

"Now, see here, Maggie," said father, "you are not speaking very respectfully of the parents who have always exercised the most tender care over you. Your dear mother was most anxious that you should have good health and no girl of your age was better dressed."

"Oh, yes, I know all that, father," said I. "Poor, dear mother! She, also was born in slavery and had a longer siege of it than I intend to have. Poor, patient, loving mother, how much she had to endure. No wonder she sank under it. Yes, she was very solicitous of my health and appearance. Her caution always was 'Don't go to school today, Maggie, and sit with wet skirts, or you'll catch your death of cold;' or, 'Do not go out in the slush and drabble your skirt;' or, 'You must not go romping or climbing, you'll soil or tear your skirts.' Of course her caution was necessary, as you well know. What girl could do any of those things and not come to grief? I remember disobeying mamma once, and tried to climb into the hay-mow. I lost my balance when nearly up and to escape a fall jumped and would have alighted on a heap of straw, probably unhurt, had it not been for a huge iron spike which my skirts conveniently caught on. Thus I hung suspended in mid-air until you came to the rescue. I was nearly dead when you found me. Do you remember the incident?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Another time a party of us High School students were out botanizing when we found it necessary to climb a rail fence. To avoid performing this feat girls will generally prefer walking a mile farther if necessary, especially if they are in the company of young men. This particular time I speak of a splinter caught in an underskirt as one of the boys helped me over, and when I reached the ground this same young man had to rescue the larger half of my petticoat dangling from the fence. Going home, after this same botanical expedition, Lilly Monroe hung herself on the end of a projecting rail and it took three of our strongest male companions to extricate her, and even then she left part of her clothing behind her."

"Well, well, I have heard enough about skirts for once," said my father. "I guess you'll have to stick to them as your mother and grandmother did before you. A girl of your age will hardly turn the world upside down, and you had better make the best of it. It seems like flying in the face of Providence, your railing at everything in this way."

"Humph! Providence, indeed! Providence gets blamed for much it neither creates nor upholds. And as for what my mother and grandmother wore, why do you not stick to the primitive customs of your grandfather? Why do you not wear a 'kerchief wound round and round your neck so tightly that you would hold your head well up like grandfather did?"

"How silly, Maggie! Why, I'd swelter—and—I am afraid I'd swear."

"Just my position, papa, as regards my grandmothers' petticoats—they prove irritably uncomfortable at times."

"Well, how in the name of wonder do you propose to get rid of them?"

"Why, I propose to adopt a bloomer costume and see if I cannot improve in temper on any of my petticoated ancestors."

"For shame, Maggie! You'll never do it. It would scandalize the whole family. Yes, the whole community, Maggie. Your poor, dear mother! How which the wearer is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it.

"China's Sorrows," a curious name for a river, is the title bestowed upon the great Hoang Ho which arises in the mountains of Thibet, and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the Yellow sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of anxiety and danger to the 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain of Asia. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times. It has moved its mouth four degrees of latitude each time, emptying its vast floods in different directions, and finding a new channel for itself, where scores of

TOWNS AND VILLAGES

have stood. The river has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, converting fertile regions into a sandy desert or making shallows of them. Whether it is within the power of modern science to save this great plain from disastrous overflow and changes of the river's bed, is a question which during late years, has been widely discussed, especially in the scientific circle sof London and Paris.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in Thibet, and its course is a wonderful one. On reaching Sussi, its most northern point, it turns southward, loses itself in the hills and reappears in Takot in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow, and here it is divided into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds in fish and crocodiles.

That classic river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and the geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from year to year, and frequently exchanges old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 534,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.

HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE.

That is if you can Produce an Invention—Some Things Badly Needed.

A perfect and cheap insulator for electric wires.

In a nailless horseshoe that will not contract the hoof.

In a hand seed planter, adjustable to all kinds of seeds.

A safety mailing envelope that costs no more than the ordinary one.

In a street car fender of such merit as to induce general adoption.

A device for opening and lighting street lamps from the ground.

In a snow-melting device for clearing sidewalks and street car tracks.

A cheap hat holder to prevent hats, both male and female, from blowing off.

An artificial building or paving block, equal to and cheaper than dressed stone.

An effective fog signal to prevent ships running aground or coming in collision.

An effective tire tightener, to be operated without removing the tire from the wheel.

In a cheap and effective carpet stretcher and mailer combined, that will not tear the carpet.

A collar fastener in place of the collar button that will allow of different sized collars being worn.

In a perfect device for sharpening calks of horseshoes without removing the shoe from the foot.

In a cheap thermal fire alarm, to be placed in dwellings, that will unerringly give an alarm at any abnormal increase of heat.

A devise for cooling the atmosphere of railway cars by fans operated by wind-wheels extending through the roof of the car.

In a coal waggon that will deliver the coal from the side of the waggon, and thus avoid blocking the narrow street while unloading.

In an adjustable rack or device for displaying different classes of goods in "show windows." Window dressing is now a recognized profession, and there are lots of show racks, but none seem to quite fill the bill.

CURIOUS RIVERS.

A Mighty Stream That Never Reaches the Sea and a River of Ink.

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyli of Eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region, a few miles from the Indian ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon river. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into the Norton sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of Northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior, for tribes whom we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the

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has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of gallic acid, which forms this small, yet wonderful stream.

The Rio de Vinagre, in Columbia, is a stream the waters of which by admixture with sulphuric acid become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar river.

The Orange or Garieb river in Southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the orange free state. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish, which are found until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper, be-

BEAR AND TWO LIONESSES

A DREADFUL ENCOUNTER IN A MENAGERIE IN FRANCE.

The Big Cats Made a Combined Effort to Eat a Polar Bear—He Beat Them Off After Being Almost Fatally Wounded—The Lionesses Have Now More Respect For the Bear.

A terrific battle took place recently in a menagerie at Grenoble, in the south of France, between a polar bear and a pair of lionesses that beats anything that has recently occurred in the line of wild beast encounters. Those who saw the fight were so astounded at the fury of the contestants that for a long time they stood as if petrified to the spot, their eyes fastening upon the gruesome sight and their feet heavy as lead, unable to make a move to interfere.

The white bear, water bear or Polar bear is generally a most peaceful animal. The dearest wish of his life is to be let alone. The solitude of the Arctic regions to which he is accustomed unfits him for society. A hunk of seal meat or a piece of ripe walrus is happiness enough for this gigantic animal. Clubdom is not in his life. He doesn't go looking for trouble. Lions, however, are not built that way.

THE BEAR.

The polar bear in the Grenoble menagerie lived his little life and paid small attention to a couple of lionesses who dwelt in an adjoining cage. The creature from the north is not gifted with very good sight, and what he had he devoted to searching for meat or candy, for it is a surprising fact that the white bear, who for thousands of years has lived where sugar or anything resembling it must be absolutely out of his reach, has the same taste for honey and molasses as his darker cousin who lives in our woods. This shows the power of heredity. For centuries every little polar bear born has had a craving for something sweet, and though that craving has never been satisfied he has passed it on to his descendants.

THE LIONESSES.

Perhaps it was the indifference of the white bear that aggravated the lionesses At any rate they put their heads together and developed a wild dislike for him. They would growl and spit at him and try to force the bars of their cage in order to get at closer quarters. Every one in the menagerie knew of the apparent violent antipathy.

"These lions are just bear hungry," said an old keeper. "They have no personal dislike for the bear. They simply want to eat him. When a lion gets a craving for any particular dish he never rests till the craving is satisfied. I have known a lion to get a sudden hankering after a peacock, and become so sick thinking of the peacock dinner he could not have that I've had to get him one of the birds to keep him from pining away and dying."

The mouths of the lionesses watered for polar bear, it was evident. On the night of the attack the animals had been locked up securely, and the keeper was smoking his pipe and telling wild beast lies to a group of gaping natives at the entrance to the show.

THE ATTACK.

It seemed as if the lionesses had agreed upon the moment for the attack. Some of the local papers say that they both refused to eat the horse flesh given to them that day, as if expecting something more palatable, but this the keeper declares is preposterous ,because a lion is never known to decline any edible. He eats what he has, and anything he gets later is so much extra.

The older and stronger of the lionesses pried open the door of the cage and broke into the bear's den. The roar of the attacking party startled the keeper and he dashed into the building. He found the white bear with his back against the rear of his cage standing up and swinging his claws at his assailant, growling and muttering.

Just as the keeper entered the building the second lioness was getting into the cage. The pair stood a few feet away from the bear as if to prepare an attack in unison, one lioness on the right of the defending party and the other on his left. Then suddenly they sprang upon him together.

THE FIGHT.

The older lioness dodged a blow from his paw and fastened upon his throat. The bear was in such a position that at close quarters he was almost helpless. It seemed only a question of time when the lioness that had him by the throat would bite and claw him to death. The blood flowed from the unfortunate creature in red torrents and it looked as if he could not last many minutes.

Meanwhile the other lioness was making violent efforts to aid her sister. The bear, however, while unable to rid himself of his enemy at close quarters, fought most successfully with the one at long range. Every time the lioness attempted to get closer his great paw shot out. Several times she rolled in the dust, only to return to the charge, however, with renewed fury.

The attention of the lioness that had the bear by the throat was distracted by a critical occurrence in the other battle and she relaxed her hold for a moment. The bear felt his opportunity and by a violent and sudden twist freed himself. Then he brought his forelegs into play and beat the lioness back to the other end of the cage.

THE BEAR SPARS.

It was now a square up and down fight, with the bear on his haunches and boxing like a prize-fighter. The lionesses stopped and licked up some of his blood, as if to goad themselves to desperation, and then with an awful roar leaped to the encounter.

The white bear, whose fur was now crimson with his own blood, beat them down with his claws. Wherever his forefeet landed the flesh of the lionesses was torn into strips. But the combat was uneven and the bear must have lost in the end. Unaided he had no chance against two.

THE LIONESSES BITE.

There was a wild sort of a whirligig in progress, the bear and the lionesses rolling over in a ball, biting scratching, clawing, when the employees of the menagerie and the police, who had been summoned, made a combined effort to end the battle. With bars and poles they beat and poked the animals until they made them forget what they were fighting about originally, and all three combined to defend themselves against the keepers.

A cage was brought and placed against the white bear's den. Then by dint of firing pistols,shouting and beating them the keepers got the lionesses so demoralised that they slunk into the trap. That ended the most exciting animal fight any one in Grenoble had ever heard of.

THE END.

When it was over the poor bear was a pitiable sight. He was chewed and bitten until he looked almost anything but a bear, and large pieces of his hide were missing. A veterinary surgeon attended to him, using up many pounds of ointment on his wounds. This being made of lard was a revelation to the bear, who at once licked it off and looked gratefully at the doctor. The bear will live.

The lionesses were not very badly hurt. But since the attack they have quite a thoughtless look and seem to feel more respect for the bear. They are resigned, apparently to a diet of horse meat, at any rate until they are feeling better, and the keepers think that they won't ever go out of their way again to get up anything like a debate with the delegate from the far north.

It seems to be the general opinion that the bear could have whipped his assailants if they had come at him one at a time like fair fighters.

THE FIRST PACIFIC STEAMBOAT.

She Went From England to Vancouver, Arriving on April 10, 1836.

Sixty years ago marked an important epoch in the history of the Northwest, the ocassion being the arrival at fort Vancouver of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Beaver from England. She reached Astoria several days earlier, but as Fort Vancouver was her objective point when she left the Old World, she did not tarry at the lower port, but proceeded to the end of her journey as rapidly as possible.

Steamers were scarce when the Beaver started away from Gravesend on her long journey in the fall of 1835, and the successful trip of the Savannah a short time previous is all that prevented the Beaver from claiming the honor of being the first steamer to cross the Atlantic ocean. As it is, the name of the old craft will live forever in the annals of steam navigation as the first steamer to enter the Pacific Ocean, as well as the first one on any of the waters of the Northwest. This fame, which will ultimately become international, is not so thoroughly appreciated in the Northwest from the fact that the extreme age reached by the old pioneer placed her easily within the recollection of nearly all of the present generation. All over the Northwest are hundreds of people who remember the antique-appearing craft that splashed around the waters of the Sound and British Columbia until about eight years ago, when she was carelessly wrecked, with her timbers as sound as the day they were put in place. No more striking picture of the rapidity of development and progress in the Northwest was ever witnessed than the not uncommon sight of one of the magnificent Empresses of the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail line to the Orient flying past the veteran as she rested helpless on the rocks at the entrance to Burrard's Inlet, while curio-hunters hacked her to pieces.

On reaching Vancouver, April 10, 1836, the Beaver's machinery was overhauled, her paddle wheels shipped, and May 16, 1836, she was ready for business. Her original log is still in the possession of a Victoria man, and from it the following entries of sixty years ago are copied:

"Tuesday, May 17.—At daylight unmoored ship and got steam up. At 3:30 weighed and ran down abreast of the lower plain for firewood. At noon lashed alongside of the Columbia, (bark). At 1:30 took the Columbia in tow for the sawmill. At 6 returned and anchored off Fort Vancouver in five fathoms of water. Received a nine-pound long gun from the Columbia. * * *

May 23.—At daylight engineers employed in getting up steam. At 9 weighed anchor and ran down with steam to the lower plain to take on firewood. At 2 p. m. received a party of gentlemen on board and ran up to the sawmill and back to the lower part of Menzies Island. At 7 anchored off the Fort and found the engines to act very well.

"May 31.—At 9:30 a party of ladies and gentlemen from the fort came on board. At 9:45 weighed anchor and ran down the river under steam and entered the upper branch of the 'Wilhammet;' ran under half power till we cleared the lower branch at 3:50, and ran up toward Vancouver. At 5 came to anchor and moored in our old berth. At 8 called all hands to 'splice the main brace.'"

The steamer made several excursions similar to those mentioned during the short time she remained on the Columbia and "Wilhammet," and on June 21, 1836, she sailed away for Millbank Sound, and most of her work in after years was on the waters of British Columbia and Puget Sound. The Beaver was neither fast, commodious, nor beautiful, but none of the big fleet of splendid river, ocean, and Sound steamers which followed her will ever enjoy a tithe of the fame that is hers forever.

SARCASTIC.

If all the people who paint without knowing how were to adopt the plan recommended to an amateur by an acquaintance, their works would not distress their friends. This one announced her intention to whiten a certain ceiling and then paint a "cloudscape" on it.

That may be very nice, said a friend, but if I were you I should arrange the matter a little differently.

How?

I should first paint my 'cloudscape' and then whitewash the ceiling!

ACCEPTED.

So Badger bored you to death until you gave him a job?

How do you know that?

Why, he told me he had concluded to accept a position in your office.

Friend—"How does it happen that you have so many Japanese things in your room?" Young Wife—"Just before I was married the contents of a Japanese store were sold at auction. All these things are wedding presents."

There are only two survivors in France of Napoleon's grand army,and one of them, M.Baillod, was recently decorated by President Faure with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Baillod is 103 years old, and still reasonably active, though after Waterloo he was discharged from the army as a consumptive.

SIGNS OF THE TRADES.

Origin of Drug Store Window Bottles, Barber Poles and Pawnbrokers Golden Balls.

The last survivors of the old trade signs are few, but they cling to life so tenaciously that the probability is they will stay for good. The old style swinging signs that protrude from the sides of the houses, and on windy days had an unpleasant habit of crashing down on the heads of any citizens who happened to be struggling home, have happily been swept away by the march of progress. But we still have with us the barber's pole, the pawnbroker's golden globular triplets, the tobacconist's wooden Indian, and the goldbeater's gilded arm, with shirt rolled up to the shoulder, disclosing a massive muscle, with sinewy fingers grasping a goldbeater's hammer. The origin of those signs are matters of great interest to the people who pass them daily and know nothing of the significance of their construction.

An interesting story is told in connection with the familiar red, yellow and green vases that brighten the windows of drug stores. The custom of placing them there originated with an apothecary who found himself one night minus the red light with which tradesmen of his class were accustomed to ornament their store fronts. To make up the deficiency he got a bottle of red liquid and placed a candle behind it. The effect pleased him so well that he decided to improve it by placing a second red light in the window with the aid of another bottle of red mixture and an additional candle. This sign made such a brave showing that an envious rival cast about for means of improving the sign. He hit upon the scheme of placing a bottle colored with yellow fluid beside the red one, and then surpassed his previous effort and carried all before him by placing a green bottle beside the yellow. The thing made a sign that caught the town, and all the druggists quickly fell into line The bottles were in time replaced with the

HANDSOME VASES

at present in use, and the druggist's sign was here to stay to brighten the dingy streets of town and village.

Few among the many unfortunates who pass beneath the three gilt balls into the sorrowful interior of a pawnbroker's shop stop to consider the meaning of the yellow sign; and they would find little comfort in the investigation if they did. The pawnbroker's symbol came from the sign used by the Lombard bankers who took it from the sign used by the Medici family of Florence. The founder of the house had been a medicus or physician; his descendants became bankers and brokers, and the sign they adopted was based on the pills that were dispensed by their ancestor. As they had become rich in their calling it was necessary that the pills should express something more than the mere decoctions of a physician, so they were done in gold and in that shape the three "pills" can be seen swinging over the premises of every pawnbroker to-day. The golden pills were used as a coat of arms by the descendants of the Medici family, who became nobles, but it is not probable that any family of noble birth and up-to-date ideas has continued the use of the three balls as its heraldic device.

Among the armies of unshorn individuals who daily seek the familiar red and white sign of the barber, few know the meaning of the parti-colored pole. Probably not one barber in a hundred could tell you himself what the colors signify. The origin of the sign dates back to the days when bleeding was the favorite remedy of physicians for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. When a little blood-letting was prescribed, the barber was the man to do it, as he combined the business of tonsorial artist with that of surgeon.

The barber's sign was adopted, as it is in existence to-day, because the red symbolized the blood that the barber drew from his patients in the interest of the public health, while the white on the poles stood for the white bandage with which the wound was bound up after the clumsy operator had drawn the prescribed quantity of red fluid.

MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.

In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, says an English contemporary, a blacksmith named Mark Scaliot made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, together with the key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, and having fastened this to the before mentioned lock and key, he put the chain round the neck of a flea, which drew them all with ease. All these together, chain and flea, weighed only one grain and a half. Oswaldus Northingerus, who was more famous even than Scaliot for his minute contrivances, is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common size.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

A special from St. Petersburg says the governors of the Russian provinces are being instructed to arrest all political suspects on the spot. A "round up" is being inaugurated in all parts of the empire; nearly one thousand men and women have been put in jail and will be confined there until after the coronation. Any attempt on their part to appeal is impossible. Hundreds of students from the various universities have been forced to choose between going home or to prison. Martial law has been declared in Moscow. The czar is not going to Nijni Novgorod for fear of assassination. A plot to murder him at the fair has just been discovered.

EVERY-DAY HAPPINESS

Our chief happiness does not come from the great things of life any more than our greatest misery from the hardest blows of fortune. The things which break men down, which make bitter hearts and misshapen lives, are the petty, grinding, wearing troubles and torments of every day. It is from this, the great bulk of human happiness is made up of small daily ordinary pleasures and compensations which we often despise, and generally overlook and neglect. To make our personal happiness outweigh our depression there is frequently needed but the perception of this fact, and then that we act on the knowledge. To throw ourselves into these small things with enthusiasm and heartiness will richly pay us.

THE HOME.

CLEANING HOUSE.

Of all uncomfortable times during the entire year, house-cleaning time is the worst. It is true there are many different methods of doing it, but if the housekeeper is thorough and methodical much of the discomfort usually attendant upon such times could be avoided. Professional housecleaners take one room at a time and confine the disturbances to that one room. To have the entire house torn up at once, to make chaos of the whole establishment, so the inmates "have not where to lay their heads," is not only unnecessary, but makes everyone miserable and the work is only half done in the end.

In commencing operations take down all lace and muslin curtains; wash, dry and put them carefully away until after all cleaning is done. Then all that remains to do is to starch, dry and hang up. It is well to take up and clean all stair carpets also, and put them away at the beginning of the campaign, as they will be ruined by dust and dirt carried from other parts of the house. Commence cleaning at the top of the house and work systematically downward, taking one room at a time and putting that in spic-span shape from top to bottom. Portiers should be taken down and cleaned before they are put away. All bric-a-brac, lamps, rugs, etc., should be cleaned and removed to an unused room. Spread an old carpet or canvas over the carpet while the furniture is being cleaned. Upholstered furniture should be beaten free of dust out of doors. The carpet should then be taken out for a beating and swept before being tacked down again. If there are greasy spots on Brussels carpets or rugs they are otherwise dirty, they may be cleaned with warm water in which soft soap, in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a pailful of water, has been dissolved. A flannel cloth should be used. For very greasy or dirty spots a scrubbing brush may be used and a little soap, care being taken to rinse the soap off well. The water should be changed often. The carpet should be rubbed as dry as possible with clean cloths and all windows and doors left open that it may dry quickly. If any carpet looks dull or faded it may be rubbed over with a cloth wrung out of water to which some ammonia has been added. This will brighten it wonderfully.

If walls are to be papered or calcimined too much care cannot be taken (from a sanitary standpoint) to remove all previous paint or paper. To remove old paper hot water should be applied with a large brush, and a scraper will then be found to remove it. Thin paste, mixed to the consistency of cream, is very effective for that purpose, and for many papers it is best to allow it to soak a few minutes before commencing to remove the paper. White-washed walls should be scraped before being thoroughly wet with hot water or thin paste. A large sponge can be used to wash with. A strong solution of vinegar has been found effective for cleaning white-washed or calcimined walls. The painted walls apply a solution of about two pounds of molasses or brown sugar to a bucketful of water. This is also good for varnished paper. Scraping is usually necessary in order to remove every trace of paint or varnish, no matter what other agent may be used for the purpose. For damp walls, two or three coats of shellac will be found to exclude the dampness.

The windows are, of course, not cleaned until all papering, painting, etc., is done. It often happens that when the woodwork is painted splashes of paint get on the glass, and if left for any length of time they become hard and difficult to remove. To obviate this trouble use hot water and soda. Take a pint of very hot water and dissolve in it a piece of washing soda the size of an egg. Wet a piece of soft cloth or flannel with this and rub the paint and they will come off quite easily. It is a good thing to thoroughly dust the windows every day when the rest of the room is done—window sills, ledges, casings and all. If this is attended to they will not require washing very often. The following method of cleaning windows is followed by professional window-cleaners: Have a muslin bag full of whiting and two wash leathers. Dust the glass thickly with whiting then rub it off thoroughly with a damp (not wet) chamois or sheep skin and finish polish with a clean dry one. This method of cleaning windows imparts a brilliancy unknown to glass washed in the ordinary way.

Now that walls, floor and windows have been attended to nothing further remains but to set the room in order and proceed in a like manner with another.

The kitchen is last but not least. The place where the food for the family is prepared should always be scrupulously clean, but proper attention cannot always be given to walls, plumbing, woodwork, etc. All of this should be thoroughly washed and carbolized—walls as well as floor and sink. The kitchen walls should be calcimined every year to insure perfect cleanliness. Many people believe that painted walls in a kitchen are best, but calcimining is cheaper and can be renewed each year at slight expense. Never paper kitchen walls; it is unsanitary.

EGGS IN NEW FORMS.

Dropped Eggs.—Have one quart of boiling water and one tablespoonful of salt in a frying pan. Break the eggs, one by one, into a saucer, and slide carefully into the salted water. Cook until the white is firm; lift out with a griddle-cake turner and place on toasted bread. Serve immediately.

Spanish Eggs.—Cook one cupful of rice thirty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. Drain through a colander and add one tablespoonful of butter. Spread very lightly upon a hot platter. On the rice place six dropped eggs and serve.

Cheese Ramekin.—Take half a pint of bread crumbs and put into a gill of milk and stir over the fire until smoking hot; add two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of dry cheese; stir a moment and take from the fire, add salt and a dash of cayenne pepper and the yolks of three eggs; mix well and add the whites of the eggs well beaten; turn into a baking dish and bake in a quick oven about ten minutes.

Scalloped Eggs.—Chop some ham or tongue very fine, add to it a few bread crumbs, pepper, chopped parsley, and some melted butter. Moisten with milk to make a soft paste, and half fill some patty pans or scallop shells with the mixture. Break an egg carefully in each, and put a pinch of salt on them, and sprinkle cracker dust over this. Place the patty tins in a pan, and put in a moderate oven and bake until the white is set.

Stuffed Eggs.—Cut six hard-boiled eggs in two. Take out the yolks and mash them fine. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of cream, two of three drops of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all thoroughly. Fill the eggs from the mixture and put them together. There will be a little filling left to which add a well-beaten egg. Cover the other eggs with this last preparation and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in boiling lard until a light brown.

Plain Omelet.—Have the pan very hot and do not put in many eggs at once. Beat the eggs thoroughly and add the salt and milk. Put into the pan a spoonful of butter and the beaten egg. Shake vigorously on the hottest part of the stove until the egg begins to thicken. Then let it stand a few seconds to brown. Run the knife between the sides of the omelet and the pan, fold and turn on a hot dish. Serve at once. For cheese omelet as soon as the eggs begins to thicken sprinkle in three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. For ham omelet add three tablespoonfuls of cooked ham. For chicken omelet, just before folding, add one cupful of cooked chicken cut rather fine and warmed in cream sauce.

A PROBLEM IN VEGETATION.

Dr. Bell's Reasons for the Absence of Trees on the Prairies.

Why the plains of the west should be treeless while all east of them right through to the coast of Labrador should be covered with a thick forest growth is a phenomenon that one finds it difficult to account for. Dr. Bell, in a recent lecture, considers that it is owing to climatic differences. Forests, he says, can flourish in a dry climate, and the average moisture on the western plain, being below that of eastern Canada, we have the vast treeless plains which we know. It is probable that this explanation is the correct one, but it does not cover all the facts. The rain and snowfall of considerable sections of the prairieland is to-day not inferior to many parts of the forest lands of eastern Canada, and the absence of trees on these portions may still seem unexplained. It is not improbable, however, that the climate of the west has been considerably modified in the course of the ages, and the facts support that view.

The average moisture in Manitoba to-day is sufficient to sustain tree life there, but in past ages it may not have been so. It may then be asked why trees have not sprung up under the fostering influences of the increased moisture. It is not too far-fetched to suppose that the customs of the Indians were responsible for the failure. It is known that the Indian hunters were in the habit of setting fire to the dry grass at a particular season of each year, so that in the spring the tender young grass would appear more readily and afford succulent feeding grounds for the innumerable herds of buffalo that roamed far and wide. In these annual burnings no seedling tree could long hope to escape. A country originally bare of trees because of its climate could not subsequently alter its character in obedience to a slow climatic change such as would appear to have taken place in parts of our western country because of this destructive practice of its aboriginal inhabitants.

The red man and his yearly bonfire are retiring before the advancing civilization, but the plough of the white settler will be quite as effective in eradicating any timorous would-be sapling that thrusts its twin-leaves through the prairie soil. Let us hope, however, that with his superior intelligence he may in some measure repair the damage which he necessarily does by planting in favorable places a few representatives of the forest monarchs that in the older Provinces have been as profitable as they are certainly pleasant to look upon.

THE CZAR'S UNDERSTUDY.

The Czar of Russia is said to have among his household an understudy, singularly like him in appearance, who shows himself at the window of the railway carriages, and the like when His Majesty does not wish to be disturbed.



Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURSIER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

SHAPE OF THE MOON.

According to the teachings of advanced modern astronomy it is a mistake to suppose that the shape of the moon is similar to that of the earth. It is believed nowadays, that the moon is a perfect ellipse, its figure being nearly exactly one third longer than it is broad. This elliptical theory of our satellite's shape is founded on the well-known fact that a certain side (end, rather) of the moon is always presented to our view. This is caused by the moon revolving once on her axis in exactly the same period of time that she revolves around the earth. Her elongated shape was probably caused by the attraction of the earth when both planets were young and soft.

A FIRM BELIEVER.

Nodd—Do you believe in a man's wife having her own way?

Todd—Certainly. I always pin my faith on the inevitable.

An Old Rhyme Reset.

"Affliction sore long time she bore
Physicians were in vain."
At last one day, a friend did say,
"You'd soon be well again"

if you would take, as I did, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for that is the cure for all the peculiar ailments of women. It is a safe, simple and sure remedy. It banishes those distressing maladies that make woman's life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammations and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nervine it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria and induces refreshing sleep." She took the advice and is well. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists. A pamphlet free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Asthma cured, by newly discovered treatment. For pamphlet, testimonials and references, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN ANOMALY.

Agitator—Don't you know, sir, that in this country the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer?

Patrick—Then it's rich Oi must be fur Oi'm a moighty sight better off than Oi waz when Oi landed.

HOPE WAS ABANDONED.

he Peculiar Case of Mrs. Hill, of Winchester.

The Doctor Told Her That Her Trouble Was Consumption of the Bowels—There Was No Hope of Recovery—But Health Was Almost Miraculously Restored.

From the Morrisburg Herald.

Mrs. Hill, wife of RMr. Robt. Hill, of Winchester, not many months ago was looked upon as one whose days were numbered. Today she is a handsome healthy woman showing no traces of her former desperate condition, and it is therefore little wonder that her case has created a profound sensation in the neighborhood. To a reporter, who called upon her Mrs. Hill expressed a willingness to give the story of her illness and recovery for publication, and she told it with an earnestness that conveyed to the listener better than mere words could do, her deep gratitude to the medicine which had brought about her restoration to health and strength. "I feel," she said, "almost like one raised from the dead, and my case seems to me little short of miraculous. About a year ago I was confined and shortly after I was taken with cancer in the mouth, and suffered terribly. Although I had good medical attendance I did not seem to get better. In fact other complications set in which seemed fast hurrying me to the grave. I grew weaker and weaker until at last I was confined to bed, where I lay for three months. My bowels were in a terrible condition, and at last the doctor said he could do no more for me as with the other complications I had consumption of the bowels. My limbs and face became terribly swollen, my heart became weak and my blood seemed to have turned to water. I became simply an emaciated living skeleton. At last the doctor told me that I was beyond the aid of human skill, and that further attendance on his part would do no good. One day, some time later my friends stood around my bedside thinking every moment to see me breathe my last, but I rallied, and at the urgent solicitation of a friend it was decided as a last apparently hopeless junoture to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. In less than two weeks a slight improvement had taken place, and from that out I slowly but surely progressed toward recovery, until, as you can see for yourself, I am once more a healthy woman. It is impossible for me to express how grateful I feel towards Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which under God's blessing has restored me to health and family and friends. I feel that the world should know my story, so that some other suffering sister may be able to find health in the medicine which I believe will never fail."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

The Long and the Short of Love — "Love me little, love me long," she warbled. "Yes," said he. "But will you love me when I am short?"

WEST SHORE THROUGH SLEEPING CAR TO NEW YORK.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that had ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m., reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

"To cave in" comes from the English coal mining regions. After a mine had been worked out and abandoned the last item in its history was the caving in of the ground above.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

Where is the woman who does not like to have her baby fat and chubby and cunning?

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is for both, but its merit is "peculiar to itself," and its effect cannot be had by using any substitute for it.

Where is the woman who does not like to have rosy cheeks and plumpness herself?

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

A Roman Catholic Priest at Ottawa Makes an Important Investigation.

Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa, 8th November, 1895.

Mr. S. S. Ryckman, M.P., Hamilton.

My Dear Sir,—In order to comply with your request, I visited no less than twenty-six persons of different ages and conditions residing in our city who had used your medicine called "Kootenay Cure." Upon my enquiry, some informed me that after suffering atrociously for many years from rheumatism under one form or another, they had obtained considerable relief from the above-named medicine, and were using it yet with the firm hope and almost certainty that in the near future all the painful effects would disappear. Others told me that they had been cured completely, felt no more pains, could digest perfectly, sleep soundly, had regained their lost weight, so much so that they could be said to have resuscitated and to have been transformed into new men. I met with five cases of skin diseases, where the medicine has produced wonderful results, especially in one case of at least nine years' standing. In several cases of Rheumatism and Paralysis eminent physicians, after careful study, has pronounced the case incurable. As rheumatism is such a common ailment, and as doctors have always much difficulty in overcoming it, I think it is quite proper to make known such a remarkable medicine to poor suffering humanity. I am pleased to have the occasion of recommending it to the public of the capital. Wishing you further success in your undertaking, believe me sig.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Eugene Groulx.

MORE FUN NOW.

Aunt Jane—In my young days, Evelyn, girls amused themselves with a spinning wheel.

Evelyn—But, aunty dear, you ought to see my wheel spin!

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SHOES AND HEALTH.

Some of the healthiest children of the world are found in the Highlands of Scotland, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than 12 or 13.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

A PUZZLED INVALID.

Well, said Yuss, I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside?

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract..... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm, place for twenty-four hours until it ferments then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery store in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

The man who loves with his whole heart truth will love still more he who suffers for truth.—Lavater.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.—Longfellow.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness.

A pilgrimage is an admirable remedy for overfastidiousness and sickly refinement.—Tuckerman.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1-to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by all druggists.

New York has 28,000 street lamps, Paris, 50,000; and London 75,000.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by all druggists.

The film of a soap bubble is the 2,500,000th of an inch in thickness.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it.

"Big words an' fine clothes," said Uncle Eben, "is berry frequently alike in not kibberin' much dat re'ly 'mounts ter anything."

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant Cure for Constipation.

God hath yok'd to guilt her pale tormentor—misery.—Bryant.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for Headache and Nervous Diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly.

Omaha annually converts 2,000,000 swine into pork, and its stock-yards rank third in size.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure.

Algeria has 2,500,000 acres of cork forests. The best corks come from that country.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never fails.

It is customary in Russia for duelists, before they go out in fight, to breakfast together.

W. P. C. 813.

Sunlight SOAP



IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

HOME IS VERY DEAR

And it is the aim of a good wife to keep it clean and attractive. Nothing will help her more than the use of

Sunlight Soap

Like a ray of sunlight it brightens and cheers, encourages and comforts. It makes homes bright and hearts light

BOOKS FOR WRAPPERS

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to LEVER BROS., Ld., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 50 wrappers

Sun Bicycle A Strictly High Grade Wheel at a MODERATE PRICE. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

ALL BAKERS The Leading BAKERS USE OUR **Dough Mixers** No baker having any kind of a trade worth while should be without this labor-saving machine. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

STAMPS dating before 1870 of Canada, Provinces, United States; also Bill and Law Stamps bought. Good prices. WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto, Ont.

CASH PAID for Old Stamps I wish to purchase all kinds of used Postage Stamps. Look up old letters and send me the stamps on the envelopes, stating what you want for them. Especially old Canadian, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, British Columbia, United States, etc. JAMES BURKETT, Wellington and Jordan Sts., Toronto, Can.

ONE MINUTE HEADACHE CURE 10c

H. W. PETRIE'S NEW CATALOGUE of NEW AND SECOND-HAND **MACHINERY**
Office and Works address: 141 Front St. Adjoining New Union Station Toronto, Canada



Rough on Rain.

This new preparation when applied to ordinary clothing will make it PERFECTLY RAINPROOF, and will not alter the feel or appearance of the goods. Invaluable to cyclists, sportsmen, farmers and others. A fortune for tailors and FIRST-CLASS AGENTS. Prepared for R. W. HANNAH, Toronto.

HAVE YOU TASTED

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA.

IT IS DELICIOUS. Sold Only in Lead Packets

DOUGLAS BROS. Slate, Gravel and metal roofers, metallic ceilings, skylights, sheet metal workers. 134 Adelaide W., Toronto

Iron Fencing,
Office & Communion Railing, and all kinds of
IRON AND WIRE WORK.
TORONTO FENCE AND ORNAMENTAL WORKS
TORONTO, CAN.



DON'T COUGH YOUR LUNGS AWAY
USE BOY'S
CERMAN BREAST BALSAM
AND BE CURED OF THE COUGH.
Sold by Druggists At 25 and 50 cents.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



No. 1
Every Woman
Should Enjoy Life.
How Many do?
Many are miserable, weak and sickly, and suffer untold miseries through ailments peculiar to their sex.
IT IS WRONG. The cause of most all these ills is easily resolved, and effectual remedy found by the great woman's medicine,
COMPOUND
MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash.
Prices 75c and 25c. They impart vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living. For sale by all Druggists.
Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," sent free on application.
"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 378 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A Pleasant Sense

Of Health, Strength and Comfort, follow the free use of

St. Leon Mineral Water

One of the best known medicines for dyspepsia.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co, (Limited)
Head office, King St. West TORONTO.

THE
Wall Paper King
OF CANADA.

IF YOU THINK OF PAPERING a Residence, Church, Office, Lodge Room, Public Hall, Hotel or Store, WRITE A POSTAL TO

C. B. Scantlebury,
Box 740, Belleville, Ont.

Mention the Rooms you think of papering, about the price you want to pay, and where you saw this "ad."

You will get by return mail large sample books of choice Wall Paper at the lowest prices known to the Canadian trade, and our booklet "How to Paper."

We pay express charges on all orders and guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

References, Can. and Dom. Express Cos.

Stearns Bicycles Are handsome, light, durable. Such grace of design as is embodied in this "fast, easy running, high-priced, much talked about" mount can only be secured by the most approved methods, finest materials and skilled workmanship. The '96 Stearns will be the best bicycle it is possible to produce. Finished at your option in orange or black. Address now for beautiful new catalogue. "The Yellow Fellow"

AMERICAN RATTAN CO., TORONTO, ONT.
CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

THE TIMES PRINTING CO.

Thos. Miller, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

All transient advertisements, such as By-laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments and also Government and Corporation notices, inserted once for 12c per line; subsequent insertions 8c.—solid nonpareil measurement.

JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ.—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1896.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

A meeting of the farmers was held in the Town Hall Saturday last, and although called to receive the report of the weed inspector and advise him accordingly; before adjourning, this terror of all prairie countries—prairie fires—received its share of attention. The season so far has been a favorable one to farmers and also favorable to what has become a menace to these broad and virtually unprotected prairies. The growth of grass is unprecedented. Even the hill tops that were in other years almost bare, are covered this year with a luxurious growth. The valleys and low ground are immense meadows and when sufficiently dry to burn will make a fire of such magnitude that the power of man will be insignificant to cope with it. That it will come is just as sure as 1897 will follow 1896. We have law to prosecute those who carelessly or otherwise start fires. This has not prevented it in the past no will it in the future. These fires may originate south of the International boundry line and driven by a high wind be upon us before we realize our danger. It may be started by lightning in our own neighborhood and sweep all before it. This has occurred before.

Different means are suggested for making breaks. The mowing machine, the plow and the Caniff fire guard burner. These were all discussed at the meeting, but in un organized districts like Moose Jaw, people are prone to depend on each other for a move. There is no doubt that some of the different methods mentioned have advantages over the other. It is not a matter, however, of halting between conclusions and allowing the country to burn up, but the imperative duty of every settler to protect his own farm first, with the best means at his disposal, and when properly protected himself, with his neighbors protect the district in which he lives. As these fires originate from so many causes and nothing can be gained by legal process, it should be the aim of the settlers to so fire guard the district that the fire could be confined to the area in which it started. With the present growth and a high wind, weeds and other material would be ignited and carried long distances there to continue the work of destruction. This can be prevented largely by a proper system of fire guards, and we hope that every settler will constitute himself a fire guardian and that the district will be at once protected in such a way that should fire unfortunately get started it will be confined to a very small territory.

THE CREAMERY.

In our last issue we gave our friends a short synopsis of the work accomplished by the Moose Jaw Creamery since its establishment in our town. Those who have been aided directly by its presence can best testify to its value. That Moose Jaw is pre-eminently a dairy district is beyond dispute, and that the best results will be achieved is assured so long as Prof. Robertson and his valuable assistant, Mr. Ernest Moorhouse, have charge of the manufacture and hauling of the product. Although started on a small scale it has developed into one of the largest and best equipped creameries in the North West, and as time advances and the patrons increase will be enlarged and improved to keep pace with the times both in capacity and quality. The butter has an outside reputation that, if we might be permitted to suggest, might be placed on the market under a special brand, which would thereby guarantee a ready sale, advertise the district and ensure a quality beyond dispute.

THE COLD STORAGE SERVICE.

The cold storage service for the transportation of butter, cheese, and other perishable food products, inaugurated under the direction of the Dominion Dairy Commissioner last year, will be continued this season under more perfect arrangements. Instead of having insulated compartments only on steamships to several ports, as was done last year, a refrigerator of the latest and best kind will be given from Montreal to Avonmouth, near Bristol. About 80 per cent, of the creamery butter sent from Canada to Great Britian is shipped to Avonmouth The railway track runs alongside of the dock at Avonmouth, so that butter designed for other centres can be transferred without any loss from heating or damage by cartage. Arrangements have also been made for the quick despatch of butter and other perishable food products from Avonmouth to the large centres of consumption, such as London Birmingham and Manchester. Through bills of lading at through rates will be issued. There is also a cold storage warehouse at the docks at Avonmouth.

Three steamships of the New Dominion Line between Montreal and Avonmouth have been fitted up with mechanical refrigeration plants, to carry butter at a temperature of 30 degrees Fahr., and cheese and fruit at a temperature of from 34 to 38 de. grees. Each of the three steamships has a cold storage capacity of about 20,000 cubic feet, or space sufficient to carry about 300 tons of cheese and butter. The steamships will carry butter in the cold storage compartments at a charge of ten shillings per ton, in addition to the usual charge of freight on cheese and butter.

The steamship company have also fitted up two steamships with insulated compartments for the carriage of chilled butter. These two steamships have a capacity of about 3,000 packages of butter each. The compartments are cooled by the use of ice in galvanized iron cylinders. The butter must be thoroughly chilled before it is put in them. The extra freight charge for this carriage is not more than five shillings per ton, in addition to the usual current charge for freight on butter and cheese. Besides the assistance rendered in fitting up the refrigerator plants and cold storage compartments, the Dominion government bears one half of the cost of operating the refrigerator plants up to a sum not exceeding $50 per trip per steamer.

These vessels call at the port of Quebec to accommodade creamery men and shippers in that locality. Cold storage facilities on the leading railways have also been inaugurated, as was done last year to take up lots of butter at different way stations. It will thus be seen that a complete system of cold storage transportation facilities has been arranged for at a reasonable charge to shippers.

The benefits of such a service should be greatly appreciated. It is important that the quality of the food products we produce, and especially the quality of the butter, should be of the finest when made; but it is equally important that the quality of such goods should not be injured in anyway in transportation. Our butter must be in a perfect condition when placed in the consumers' hands in Great Britain. If our creamery men and shippers take advantage of these cold storage facilities, and will send across the Atlantic only the finest quality of butter, preserved in a perfect condition, we may look for a large increase in the extent of our export trade in creamery butter. —*Farming.*

WAGNORN'S GUIDE AT BOOKSTORES 5c

OFFICIAL TIME CARDS WAGNORN'S GUIDE, 5c

WAGNORN'S GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND BUSINESS 50c

HARD : TIMES : PRICES.

Ready-made Clothing at Cost

Hardware, Iron, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, Stoves and Tinware, Wheat and Oats for Sale at Lowest Prices for Cash Only.

Agent for Featherstone Pianos

: R. BOGUE :

DUFFERIN'S RETIREMENT.

The Marquis of Dufferin, so well known to us in Canada, and still so well loved, is retiring from public life on account of his advancing age, having reached the three score and ten. He furnishes a fine example, not rare, we are happy to say, among English public men, of the resolute performance of duty through a long term of high and responsible official life. The press of France, which for nearly two years grossly insulted him, now expresses regret at his departure. The *Belfast Witness* speaking of him and his public career, says, "For all round versatility there is no living Englishmen who can approach the Marquis. He is a master of tact, but that goes without saying, for is he not our leading diplomat? His eloquence, both in English and French, will bear favorable comparison with the best oratory of the century. He is a poet, a painter and a philosopher. Lord Dufferin's has been a grand and glorious career. He has been Under Secretary of State for India and for War, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Governor General of Canada, Viceroy of India, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome and Paris, besides securing all the honors that the universities of Great Britian and Ireland can give him. In his well-earned retirement, at his seat in County Down, he will still be able to watch over his country's interest, and to give sterling advice to the Prime Minister on foreign matters within his ken."

The British Islands comprise 1,000 separate islands and inlets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

Four billions three hundred and eighty thousand postage stamps are used in a year by the people of the United States.

The Esquimaux have a queer custom in regard to doctors. At each visit the doctor is paid If the patient recovers, the physician keeps the money; if the patient dies, the money is returned to the family of the deceased.

It is computed by a statistician of the curious that Queen Victoria's hand, which is said to be a handsome one, has signed more important State papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other Queen that ever lived.

Miss Canada (we believe we are violating no confidence) was thirty years old on Wednesday, July 1st. To signalize the event she recently ordered a new gown of the Liberal fashion, discarding the Tupperian garb she has worn so long, and Uncle Sam will hardly know her when next he goes a wooing by the "maple leaf" route.—*The Interior.*

Here is a striking contrast, showing the superiority of Christianity over all other religions: "Mohammedanism has a history of thirty centuries. It has won 200,000,000 followers, and its degraded and wretched myriads are confined to southern Asia and northern Africa. Christianity, after nineteen centuries of life, has won 400,000,000 followers, and, with the exception of China and Turkey, its happy and enlightened people rule the world."

Some of the Belgian coal mines are wonderfully deep. In a pit at Flenu coal is now being obtained 3,700 feet below the surface In another pit, at Montignysur Sambre, a coal seam is worked 3,000 feet deep.

A New York clergyman said recently in public that no newspaper telling the truth and the whole truth can be a financial success. He was right and he would not have been far wrong if he had said the same of his own profession. The preacher who at all times and under all circumstances tells the whole truth about the members of his flock will not be likely to occupy the pulpit more than one Sunday and the chances are that he will vacate it in a hurry. As a matter of fact, the press and the pulpit are alike given to whitewashing. The pen, pulpit and gravestone are the great saint-making triumvirate.

His Last Word.

The following article appeared in an eastern exchange a few days previous to the resignation of the Tupper Ministry:

"It is just as well for those who disturbed my meetings that my Government was not returned to power. I had contemplated punishing these ruffians who dared to express their opinions by various ingenious tortures wherein boiling oil and melted lead played a large part. Not that I am vindictive—not at all—but because they were rash enough to jeer at the Tupper supremacy, an institution which must be kept sacred, inviolate and arcane throughout the Dominion. Believing as I do that the history of Canada and the fortunes of the Tupper family are used inseparably I can see nothing before Canada but oblivion and disaster now that I am removed from power. During my long political life I have contrived to get together a modest fortune—some people with small minds call it enormous—so that I can struggle along through my remaining days. But what about my son, Charley? Must he wait until death gives him a share of my estate? Must he go back to the miserable income which he earned as a third rate lawyer? Must he be satisfied with one thousand dollars sessional indemnity—a paltry sum and for a Tupper not enough for pour boirs—he who has never drawn from the Government anything less than seven thousand. My heart aches for him! As leader of the Opposition, which office I now arrogate to myself, I shall do my best to have the indemnity raised to ten thousand a year, so that Charley may have enough to maintain his establishment on a Tupper scale.

I caution the presumptuous Liberals not to grow "too gay." Let them remember that almost a month elapses before parliament meets and by constitutional practice I may reign either now or later on when the Commons votes want of confidence in my Government. In that month—and why shouldn't a Tupper draw a salary from the people for a month longer—I can do many obnoxious things. I have it yet in me to do much harm and if I can bend Aberdeen, good easy man, to my wishes, I can flood the Senate with Senators and distribute by Orders-in Council whatever is left in the public treasury. As for Toronto, if ever I am re-established—and how can the country do for long without a Tupper—I shall have that wicked and insolent city razed to the earth, harrowed and sown with salt—may it be blotted out forever! May pestilence and famine ravage it! May all anti-Coercionists be seized with double pneumonia, and draw breaths like sharp knives. And may one just man, Mr. Coatsworth, escape and flee beneath my mantle.

Beware of me imbeciles, idiots ruffians, blackguards, electors of Canada, for I have a sting in my tail.

(Signed) SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

RIVER STREET WEST.

Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.

D. McMILLAN

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER.

All kinds of fresh and cured meats constantly on hand.

Fresh Fish, Game, Poultry, Etc, in season.

GIVE US A CALL . . .

D. McMillan.

HITCHCOCK & McCULLOCH,

BANKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS.

MOOSE JAW.

Agents.—Bank of Montreal

SAUNDERS ..

...THE... CONFECTIONER,

Keeps a full stock of Fresh Goods always on hand.

CIGARS! Best Brands in the Market.

Ice Cream Parlors!

ALL KINDS OF SOFT DRINKS!

We also sell Riddell's Biscuits.

NOTICE
To Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of the late William Bevan Crosbie, late of Moose Jaw, in the North West Territories of Canada, deceased.

All creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named deceased are, pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Richardson, dated the 18th day of April, A. D., 1896, to send in to William Grayson, of Moose Jaw, in the North-West Territories of Canada, administrator of the estate and effects of the deceased, on or before the 15th day of July, 1896, particulars of their said claims, showing the amounts thereof, and the security, or securities held by them if any.

And the said administrator on the expiration of the publication of this advertisement in the weekly issues of the MOOSE JAW TIMES, between the 1st day of May and the 15th day of July, 1896, shall be at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased, or any part thereof amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which such administrator has then notice and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim such administrator shall not have had notice at the time of distribution of the said assets, or part thereof as the case may be.

Dated 28th April, 1896.

WM. GRAYSON, Administrator.

July. 15th.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Beauchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

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PROF. ROBERTSON'S

Address on "The Resources of Manitoba."

At Wednesday session of the Central Farmers' Institute convention, convened at Brandon, Prof. Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, delivered the following address on the "Resources of Manitoba:

Prof. Robertson said he had been asked to give his subject a tilt towards education for the benefit of the teachers present, and this reminded him of a story he had once heard. A certain woman was dying. She had had two husbands, both good men, but she had liked the second one best, so she asked to be buried between them, nearest to Thomas, but with a tilt towards John. He had a great love for education and more especially when it ran along agricultural lines. He was to talk for a while of the resources of Manitoba, and the first one he would mention was the soil. Sometimes the poorest people lived upon the finest soil: he was not going to say that of Manitobans. The Delta of Egypt was the most fertile soil in the world: it had been cropped for thousands of years, and was not exhausted; but the people who tilled it were among the poorest in the world to-day. The richest soil was of little value unless there was intelligence to make use of it. He would warn them against depleting their soil. The saying that the fertility of soil was inexhaustible was one of the greatest falacies in the world.

Climate.—Climate was the next resource he should speak of. He understood we had a great deal of it to the acre, in Manitoba, especially in January The man who was going to succeed was the one who could capture the climate and sell it. The man who could put the climate and soil together and sell dirt in bags was going to prosper. He would never be satisfied until he had harnessed the sun and made it do his bidding. The man who had No. 1 hard, butter and cheese to sell in markets of the world had in a sense, harnessed the sun.

Water supplies—This was always one of the first things to be considered in settling a new country. When he had been through the country some four or five years ago he had been somewhat apprehensive that the supply was not going to be sufficient for dairying purposes generally, but although not as well watered as Ontario, the supply was very fair.

Building Materials.—To be progressive the people must have comfortable homes and cheap material to build them of. The supply of building material was somewhat small, and they had not gone about increasing it, very few having planted trees. But lumber was fairly cheap, and that was a great consideration sometimes when money was scarce.

Available Labor of the People.—A resource seldom spoke about was the available labor of the people. We were fond of talking of natural resources, but of what avail are these things without labor to develop them?

If he were a politician he might tell them that the available labor of the people of Manitoba was of a very high grade, but as he was a plain Scotchman, he would say it was of a very low grade. He was not saying the people were of a low grade, far from it, but the quality of their labor was of a low grade. He could make a horseshoe, but it was at an enormous expenditure of time, coal and muscle, and when he had finished it was not a very good horseshoe. If he made them often he would perhaps make them better; but he had to sort of feel his way along in making them. He did not believe there was a farmer in that audience, if he was honest, but would admit that in most matters he had been just feeling his way along. Available labor, in regard to cost, had been much handicapped. Men in Manitoba grew wheat for two purposes: First, for food for their families, and then to have a margin of profit to buy clothes, furnish their house and other things. Everybody wanted a profit besides Scotchmen and they worked just to set an example of industry. (Laughter.) You want to sell your wheat for a price which will command these things, but the man to whom you sell your wheat does not care the fraction of an iota of a cent what you get, all he wants is to get your wheat at the lowest price. In India, Austria, and Russia there are men growing wheat who can live on less than you can, and they are willing to sell for less. What are you going to do about it? You cannot raise the price of wheat. You cannot live on what they can. Your only chance is by good management to so arrange your production as to be able to compete with this cheap labor. Management means education. Education has no object in life but to teach men to control themselves so that they may control other things.

Markets.—If you can grow a great deal of grain it is of no use to you unless you can get it to a market. Somebody is always saying do away with the middlemen, they consume all our profits. That is very fine, but suppose I have ten tubs of butter which I want to send to England. If there are no middlemen I must send it myself, and if I want it to sell well I must go with it myself and while I was gone I would lose ten times what the butter was worth. Agriculture consists necessarily of three things: Production, transportation and distribution. Each one who takes part has a right to a share of the profits. Your rates for transportation are very high and it may be that it cannot be less. We are running a creamery out at Indian Head. Fuel is very cheap at Keewatin, but coal costs $6.00 a ton at Indian Head. I can get wood at Keewatin for $1, and I thought I would like to send some of it up to Indian Head, but I found that by the time it reached Indian Head it would cost me $15 a cord, and that would not pay. It costs 100 per cent. of its value to carry a bushel of wheat to Liverpool, but I can send butter for 10 per cent. Is it not better for me to turn my wheat into butter before I send it? Another thing to consider in developing the resources of the country is that it always pays best to deal with well to do people. They want the very best food and they can afford to pay for it. It would be well then to endeavor to supply such articles as they need and are willing to pay for. In this way out of your butter, eggs and poultry you can have an income every month in the year. If you can pay currrent expenses out of butter, cheese, etc., then when you have a prize year for wheat (they only come about once in four, I believe) instead of having to pay all the profit away for back debts, you will be able to save it. You have a country of grand resources, but the only way to develop them is by intelligence, good management and steady plodding.

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OUR IMMIGRANTS.

Harper's Weekly Discusses Canada's Enterprising Methods.

The active measures of the Dominion Government to attract immigration to Canada as in strange contrast to the numerous laws passed by Congress during the last twelve years to restrict and regulate immigration to the United States. In view of the large appropriations made for many years previously, by the Immigration Department, the last Canadian census was full of disquieting figures. There has, however, been no break in the policy of the Dominion Government as to immigration. The expenditure still goes on at the rate of $200,000 a year. Agents of Canada are at work in the States south of the border line, and in most of the countries of Europe.

For nearly ten years past there have been laws in this country (United States) prohibiting steamship companies or their agents from glorifying the United States as a field for emigration. All that a steamship line is permitted to do is to advertise the port and day of sailings of its steamers. Any attempt to stimulate emigration by lectures, by canvassing, or by the circulation of literature is checked through the American consuls, and if persisted in would bring the representatives of the companies into conflict with the Federal officers of the emigration port.

On the part of the Canadian Government, on the other hand, every means is taken to glorify Canada in Europe as a field for emigration. No government uses printing ink more prodigally than Canada in putting for ward statements and views which it desires made public, and a great part of its enormous outlay in printer's ink is charged against the Immigration Department. Tons of immigration literature, printed in all the languages of Europe, are sent out under the auspices of the department. Almost anything which is likely to puff Canada in Europe secures the endorsement of the department, and oftentimes is financed from its exchequer. The last report of the Auditor General contains some examples of how this method of advertising Canada is worked. One of the items if for $500, a subvention granted to Mr. George R. Parkin to aid him in publishing in England his book on the "Great Dominion." Mr. Parkin was a lecturer for the late Imperial Federation league. Another item is for the cost of entertaining and defraying the travelling expenses of two women journalists representing a Tory paper published at Dundee, Scotland. They were in Canada to describe the country and its resources. for the information of the farm people of Scotland, and their expenses, even to their washing bills, were charged to the Immigration Department.

The press, the platform, the markets, and the fairs, the elementary schools, and in some cases even the pulpit, are all turned to account in Europe, especially in England, in the endeavor to divert the stream of immigration to Canada.

No country has been regarded as too small or too remote for the operations of the paid immigrant agents of the Dominion. The popaganda was carried on with great vigor even in Iceland until a while ago. Then the officials of the Government at Reikiavik headed by the Secretary of State, and supported by the professors and students of the university and the merchants of the town, organized themselves into a whistling brigade to drown the voice of the Canadian Government lecturer, and the Government of the island took measures to stop the propaganda. Before the people and the Government of Iceland took up this hostile attitude the agents of the Canadian Government had gone the length of helping intending emigrants to sell their cattle in England in order to find money for their fares to Quebec.

The small measure of success which has attended these efforts is well-known. Even Sir Charles Tupper is now becoming somewhat despondent concerning immigration from England. In the last of his reports as High Commissioner in London he frankly admits that it is next to impossible to get English farmers to emigrate to Canada. A most significant paragraph in his report concerns pre paid passages. Prepaid passages to the United States, he points out, are 60 to 70 per cent. of the total immigrant fares, while not more than 5 per cent. of the immigrant fares to Canada are pre-paid. "This," he adds, "is the best class of immigration we could possibly get"; and he goes on to point out that immigrants, not long settled in the United States, mortgage the little property they have acquired to pre-pay the passage to the United States of friends in Europe. Canada wants farmers with capital, and farm laborers; but these people, even with the dollar and a half bonus made by the Government to steamship agents, are, according to the Canadian official reports, exceedingly difficult to obtain.—*Harper's Weekly.*

PATENTS

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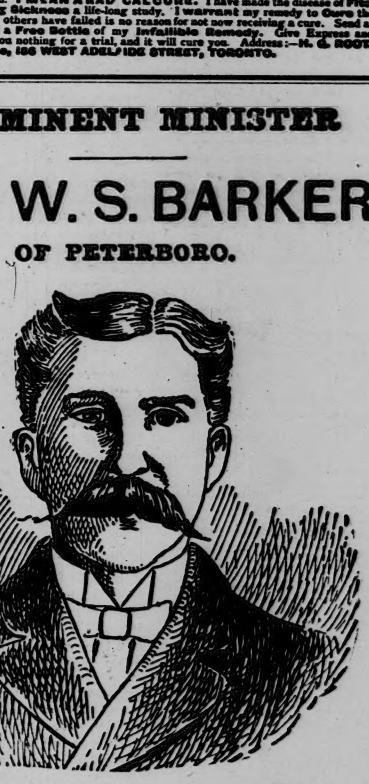
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AN EMINENT MINISTER

REV. W. S. BARKER

OF PETERBORO.



Mr. W. S. Barker is a young minister of Peterboro who has by his great earnestness and able exposition of the doctrines of the Bible earned for himself a place amongst the foremost ministers of Canada. He, with his most estimable wife, believe in looking after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, hence the following statement for publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nervine Tonic to all who are afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from South American Nervine and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow-sufferers.

"Rev. W. S. Barker."

It is now a scientific fact that certain nerve centres located near the base of the brain have entire control over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and indeed all internal organs; that is, they furnish these organs with the necessary nerve force to enable them to perform their respective work. When the nerve centres are weakened or deranged the nerve force is diminished, and as a result the stomach will not digest the food, the liver becomes torpid, the kidneys will not act properly, the heart and lungs suffer, and in fact the whole system becomes weakened and sinks on account of the lack of nerve force.

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Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles of South American Nervine and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach, and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

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AFTER MANY DAYS.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"I wish you would give me a little assistance with the tea-cups, Gilbert," Mrs. Walsingham said, rather impatiently. "It is all very well to talk of the pleasantness of having the tea made in the room in this way, but one requires some help. Thanks. Take that to Sir Cyprian Davenant, if you please, and bring me Sophy Morton's cup."

Mr. Sinclair obeyed, and when he came back with the empty cup Mrs. Walsingham motioned him to a vacant chair by her side, and detained him there till the carriages were announced. She called him by his Christian name in the face of society, and this party of to-night was only one of many entertainments that had been given at different times for her gratification. It was scarcely strange, therefore, if rumor, especially loud on the part of the lady's friends, declared that Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Walsingham were engaged to be married. But the acquaintance between them had continued for a long time, and those who knew most of Gilbert Sinclair shook their heads significantly when the matrimonial question was mooted.

"Gilbert knows his own value," growled old Colonel Mordant, an inveterate whist-player and diner-out, who had introduced young Sinclair into fast society. "When he marries he will marry well. A man with my friend Sinclair's fortune must have all the advantages in the lady of his choice—youth, beauty, rank—or at any rate position—and most men of that caliber look out for a corresponding amount of wealth. I don't say Sinclair will do that. He is rich enough to indulge in a caprice. But as to marrying Clara Walsingham—a deuced fine woman, I grant you—pas si bete!"

Mrs. Walsingham detained Mr. Sinclair in conversation some time after the carriages had been announced. She was very bright and animated, and looked her best as she talked to him. It was nearly eleven o'clock when she was reminded of the lateness of the hour, and the length of the drive before them, by Miss Sophy Morton, who had lately transferred her attention from the callow cornet to Mr. Wyatt, much to the disgust of the youthful dragoon.

"Yes, Sophy, I am just going to put on my shawl. Will you fetch our wraps from the next room, please, Mr. Wyatt? Will you take the back seat in the brougham, Gilbert, and wind up with a lobster salad in Half-Moon Street? It is really early, you know."

"Thanks, no. I could scarcely trust my man to drive those chestnuts; so I think I'll go back in the phaeton; and I'm due at a hop in Eaton Square."

"Indeed!" asked the lady, curiously, and with a rather anxious look. "You used not to care for dancing parties."

"I don't care for them now; but one has to sacrifice inclination now and then, you know."

"Do I know the people?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

Mr. Sinclair smiled as he replied, "I think not."

A cloud came over the lady's face, and when her shawl had been adjusted she took Gilbert Sinclair's arm in silence. Nor did she speak to him on the way to the porch of the hotel, where a mail phaeton and a couple of broughams were waiting. Her adieus to the rest of the party were brief and cold, and Gilbert himself she only honored by a stately inclination of her beautiful head, with its coronal of bright chestnut hair, and coquettish little curls dotted about a broad white forehead.

Mr. Sinclair stood bareheaded under the porch as the Walsingham brougham drove away, and then turned with a frown to perform the duties he had other directions. Here, however, he found there was nothing left for him to do. Miss Morton and her companion had been escorted to their carriage by Sir Cyprian Davenant and Mr. Wyatt, and were waiting to bid their host good-bye.

"And a thousand thanks for our delightful day, Mr. Sinclair, which we are not likely to forget for a long time, are we, Imogen?"

Miss Imogen Harlow, who had been born Watson and christened Mary Anne, shook her empty head sequettishly, and declared that the memory of that Richmond dinner would remain with her to her dying day. And on the way home the two ladies discussed Mr. Sinclair and his income, and speculated as to the chances of his ultimately marrying Mrs. Walsingham.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Cyprian Davenant and James Wyatt went back to town by rail, and parted company at Waterloo, the baronet going westward to his bachelor lodgings in one of the shabbier streets about Grosvenor Square, the lawyer to a big dull house on the coldest side of Russell Square, which his father had bought and furnished some fifty years before, and in which there was a large collection of old pictures, and a still larger collection of rare old wines stored away in great gloomy cellars with ponderous iron-plated doors. Mr. Wyatt the elder had done a good deal of business of a very profitable kind with the youthful members of the British aristocracy, had raised loans for them at heavy rates of interest, never omitting to remind them of the sacrifice they made, and only yielding to the stern necessities of their position in a reluctant grudging spirit at the last; whereby the foolish spendthrifts were in no manner prevented from rushing blindfold along the broad road to ruin, but were kept in ignorance of the fact that it was from Thomas Wyatt's own coffers that the money came, and that to him the interest accrued.

James Wyatt inherited his father's cautious spirit, together with his father's handsome fortune, and he had cultivated very much the same kind of business, making himself eminently useful to his young friends, and winning for himself the character of a most prudent friend and adviser. He did not take the risks of an ordinary money-lender, and he raised money for his clients on terms that seemed moderate when compared with the usurer's exorbitant demands; but he contrived, nevertheless to profit considerably by every transaction, and he never let a client escape him while there was a feather to pluck.

Sir Cyprian Davenant had been in this gentleman's hands ever since his coming of age, but now that there was not an acre of the Davenant estate unmortgaged, and the day was not far off in which must come foreclosure and sale, the relations between the two men were rather those of friendship than business. Cyprian had lived his life had wasted his last available shilling, and had reformed. His dissipations had never been of a base or degrading order. He had been wild and reckless, had played high at his club, and lost money on the turf, and kept an extravagant stud, and ridden in steeple-chases at home and abroad, and had indulged in many other follies peculiar to his age and station; but he had no low vices, and when his money was gone, and the freshness of youth with it he fell from the ranks of his fast young friends without a sigh. It was too late for him to think of a profession; and there seemed to him to be no brighter fate possible for him than the dreary monotony of old bachelorhood on a limited income.

"I suppose I shall live to be an old fogy," he said, to himself. "I shall have my particular corner at the club, and be grumpy about the newspapers, and bore the youngsters with my stupid stories. What a life to look forward to!"

Sir Cyprian had work to do after the Richmond dinner, and was occupied till long after daybreak with letter-writing and the last details of his plans. When all was done, he was still wakeful, and sat by his writing-table in the morning sunlight thinking of the past and the future with a gloomy face.

Thinking of the past—of all those careless hours in which one bright girlish face had been the chief influence of his life; thinking of the future in which he was to see that sweet face no more.

"How happy we have been together!" he thought, as he bent over a photograph framed in the lid of his dispatch-box, contemplated the lovely face with a fond smile, and a tender, dreaming look into his dark eyes. "What long hours of boredom I have gone through in the way of evening parties in order to get a waltz with her, or a few minutes of quiet talk in some balcony or conservatory, and all for the vain delight of loving her—without one ray of hope for the future, with the knowledge that I was doing her a great wrong in following her up so closely with my barren love! So even James Wyatt saw my infatuation; and hers, he said. Is there any truth in that last assertion, I wonder? Does Constance really care for me? I have never asked her the question, never betrayed myself by any direct avowal. Yet these things make themselves understood somehow, and I think my darling knows that I would die for her; and I think I know that she will never care for any man as she could care for me."

He shut the dispatch-box, and began to walk slowly up and down the room, thinking.

"There would be just time for me to do it," he said to himself, presently—"just time for me to run down to Davenant, and see the old place once more. it will be sold before I come back from Africa, if ever I do come back. And there would be the chance of seeing her. I know the Clanyardes have gone back to Kent. Yes, I will run down to Davenant for a few hours. A man must be hard indeed who does not care to give one farewell look at the house in which the brightest years of his life have been spent. And I may see her again, only to say good-bye, and to see if she is sorry for my going. What more can I say to her? What more need be said? She knows that I would lay down my life for her."

He went to his room, and slept a kind of fitful sleep until eight o'clock, when he woke with a start, and began to dress for his journey. At nine he was driving through the streets in a hansom, and at midday he was in one of the woody lanes leading across country from the little Kentish railway to his own ancestral domain, the place he had once been proud and fond of, but which he looked at now in bitterness of spirit and with a passionate regret. The estate had been much encumbered when it fell into his hands, but he knew that with prudence, he might have saved the greater part of it. He entered the park by a rustic gateway, beside which there was a keeper's lodge, a gate dividing the thickest part of the wood from a broad green valley, where the fern grew deep under the spreading branches of grand old oaks, and around the smooth silver-gray trunks of mighty beeches. The Davenant timber had suffered little from the prodigal's destroying hand. He could better endure the loss of the place than its desecration. The woman at the keeper's lodge welcomed her master with an exclamation of surprise.

"I hope you have come to stay, Sir Cyprian," she said, dropping a rustic courtesy.

"No, Mrs. Mead, I have only come for a last look at the old place before I go away from England."

"Going away, sir! that's bad news."

Cyprian cut short her lamentations with a friendly nod, and was walking on, when it suddenly struck him that the woman might be useful.

"Oh, by the way," said, "Lord Clanyarde is at Marchbrook is he not?"

"Yes, sir; the family have been there for the last week."

"Then I'll walk over there before I go on to the house, if you'll unlock the gate again, Mrs. Mead."

"Shall I send one of my boys to the house with a message, sir, about dinner, or anything?"

"You are very good. Yes, you can send the lad to tell old Mrs. Pomfret to get me something to eat at six o'clock, if you please. I must get back to London by the 7:30 train."

"Dear, dear me, sir, going back so soon as that?"

The gates of Marchbrook were about a mile distant from the keeper's lodge. Lord Clanyarde's house was a dreary red brick habitation of the Georgian era, with long lines of narrow windows looking out upon a blank expanse of pasture land, by courtesy a park. An avenue of elms led from the lodge-gate to the southern front of the house, and on the western side there was a prim Dutch garden, divided from the park by a ha-ha. The place was in perfect order, but there was a cold, bare look about everything that was eminently suggestive of poverty.

A woman at the lodge informed Sir Cyprian that there was no one at home. Lord Clanyarde had driven to Maidstone; Miss Clanyarde was in the village. She had gone to see the children at the National School. She would be home at two to lunch, no doubt, according to her usual habit. She was very fond of the school, and sometimes spent her mornings in teaching the children.

"But they leave school at twelve, don't they," demanded Sir Cyprian.

"Yes, sir; but I dare say Miss Constance has stayed to talk to Miss Evans, the school-mistress. She is a very genteel young person, and quite a favorite with our ladies."

Cyprian Davenant knew the little school-house and the road by which Constance Clanyarde must return from her mission. Nothing could be more pleasant to him than the idea of meeting her in her solitary walk. He turned away from the lodge-keeper, muttering something vague about calling again later, and walked at a rapid pace to the neighboring village, which consisted of two straggling rows of old-fashioned cottages fringing the skirts of a common. Close to the old ivy-covered church, with its massive square tower and grass-grown graveyard, there was a modern Gothic building in which the village children struggled through the difficulties of an educational course, and from the open windows whereof their youthful voices rang loudly out upon the summer air every morning in a choral version of the multiplication table.

Miss Clanyarde was standing in the little stone porch talking to the schoolmistress when Sir Cyprian opened the low wooden gate. She looked up at the sound of his footstep with a sudden blush.

"I did not know you were at Davenant, Sir Cyprian," she said, with some little embarrassment, as they shook hands.

"I have not been at Davenant, Miss Clanyarde. I only left town this morning. I have come down here to say good-bye to Davenant and all old friends."

The blush faded and left the lovely face very pale.

"Is it true that you are going to Africa, Sir Cyprian? I heard from some friends in town that you were going to join Captain Harcourt's expedition."

"It is quite true. I promised Harcourt some years ago that if he ever went again I would go with him."

"And you are pleased to go, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Clanyarde, not pleased to go. But I think that sort of thing is about the best employment for the energies of a waif and stray, such as I am. I have lived my life, you see, and have not a single card left to play in the game of civilized existence. There is some hope of adventure out yonder. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I was just saying good-bye to Miss Evans as you came in."

"Then I'll walk back to Marchbrook with you, if you'll allow me. I told the lodge-keeper I would return by and by in the hope of finding Lord Clanyarde."

"You have been to Marchbrook already, then?"

"Yes, and they told me at the lodge that I should find you here."

After this there came rather an awkward silence. They walked away from the school-house side by side, Sir Cyprian furtively watchful of his companion's face, in which there were signs of a sorrow that seemed something deeper than the conventional regret which a fashionable beauty might express for the departure of a favorite waltzer.

The silence was not broken until they had arrived at a point where two roads met, the turnpike road to Marchbrook, and a shady lane—a cross-country road, above which the overarching branches of the elms made a roof of foliage at this bright midsummer season. There was a way of reaching Marchbrook by this lane—a tempting walk compared to the high-road.

"Let us go back by the lane," said Cyprian. "It is a little longer, but I am sure that you are not in a hurry. You would have dwadled away half the morning talking to that young woman at the school, if I hadn't come to fetch you; and it will be our last walk together, Constance. I may call you Constance, may I not, as I used to when you were in the nursery? I am entitled to a few dismal privileges, like a dying man, you know. Oh, Constance, what happy hours we have spent together in these Kentish lanes! I shall see them in my dreams out yonder, and your face will shine down upon me from a background of green leaves and blue sky; and then I shall awake to find myself camping out upon some stretch of barren sand, with jackals howling in the distance."

"What a dreadful picture!" said Constance, with a faint forced laugh. "But if you are so reluctant to leave England, why do you persist in this African expedition?"

"It is a point of honor with me to keep my promise; and, it is better for me to be away from England."

"You are the best judge of that question."

Sir Cyprian was slow to reply to this remark. He had come down to Kent upon a sudden impulse, determined in no manner to betray his own folly, and bent only upon snatching the vain delight of a farewell interview with the girl he loved. But to be with her and not to tell her the truth was more difficult than he had imagined. He could see that she was sorry for his departure. He believed that she loved him, but he knew enough of Viscount Clanyarde's principles and his daughter's education to know there would be something worse than cruelty in asking this girl to share his broken fortunes.

"Yes, Constance," he went on, "it is better for me to be away. So long as I am here it is the old story of theirs and the flame. I can not keep out of temptation. I can not keep myself from haunting the places where I am likely to meet the girl I love, fondly, foolishly, hopelessly. Don't look at me with those astonished eyes, my darling; you have known my secret ever so long. I meant to keep silence till the very end; but, you see, the words are spoken in spite of me. My love I dare not ask you to be my wife. I dare only tell you that no other woman will fill that place. You are not angry with me, Constance for having spoken?"

"Angry with you—" she began, and then broke down utterly and burst into tears.

He drew his arm round her with a tender, protecting gesture, and soothed her gently, as if she had been a child.

"My darling, I am not worth your tears. If I had been a better man, I might have redeemed Davenant in this time, and might have hoped to make you my wife. There would have been some hope for me, would there not, dear, if I could have offered you a home that your father could approve?"

"I am not so mercenary as you think me," answered Constance, drying her tears, and disengaging herself from Sir Cyprian's encircling arm. "I am not afraid of poverty. But I know that my father would never forgive—"

"And I know it too, my dearest girl, and you shall not be asked to break with your father for such a man as I. I never meant to speak of this, dear, but perhaps it is better that I should have spoken. You will soon forget me, Constance, and I shall hear of you making some brilliant marriage before I have been away very long. God grant the man may be worthy of you! God grant you may marry a good man!"

"I am not very likely to marry," replied Miss Clanyarde.

"My dearest, it is not possible you can escape; and Heaven forbid that my memory should come between you and a happy future! It is enough for one of us to carry the burden of a life-long regret."

There was much more talk between them before they arrived at a little gate opening into the Marchbrook kitchen-garden, fond, regretful talk of the days that were gone in which they had been so much together down in Kent, with all the freedom permitted between friends and neighbors of long standing, the days before Constance had made her debut in the great world.

Sir Cyprian did not persevere in his talked-of-visit to Lord Clanyarde. He had, in truth very little desire to see that gentleman, who was one of the most pompous and self-opinionated of noblemen. At the little garden gate he grasped Miss Clanyarde's two hands in his own with one fervent grasp.

"You know the old story," he said: "it must be for years and it may be forever.' It is an eternal parting for me, darling, for I can never hope to call you by that sweet name again. You have been very good to me in letting me speak so freely to-day, and it is a kind of consolation to have told you my sorrow. God bless you, and good-bye!"

This was their parting. Sir Cyprian went back to Davenant, and spent a dreary hour in walking up and down the corridor and looking into the empty rooms. He remembered them tenanted with the loved and lost. How dreary they were now in their blank and unoccupied state, and how little likelihood there was that he should ever see them again! His dinner was served for him in a pretty breakfast-room, with a bay-window overlooking a garden that had been his mother's delight, and where the roses she had loved still bloomed in all their glory. The memory of the dead was with him as he eat his solitary meal, and he was glad when it was time for him to leave the great desolate house in which every door closed with a dismal reverberation, as if it had been shutting upon a vault.

He left Davenant immediately after dinner, and walked back to the little station, thinking mournfully enough of his day's work and of the life that lay before him. Before noon next day he and his companions were on the first stage of their journey, speeding toward Marseilles.

(To Be Continued.)

STATUES TO DOGS AND SERVANTS.

English Royal Residences Crowded With Mortuary Memorials.

Queen Victoria's action in giving an order to her young relative, the sculptress Countess Theodore Gleichen, for a marble bust of Francey Clarke, her Highland servant, who died the other day, and the erection of a huge stone cairn to his memory at Balmoral, has been followed by the announcement that immediately on her Majesty's return to Windsor the other day she had proceeded to plant a tree in the grounds of the royal million-dollar mausoleum at Frogmore in memory of the dead gillie.

Not that the Queen makes any secret of the matter since the facts are made public in the official court circular, which she revises with her own hand before it is issued to the press. But intelligence such as this serves to call the attention of her subjects to the marked preference which she gives to her menials and to her dogs over her Ministers, generals, naval commanders and servants and dignitaries of the Crown in general.

Balmoral, Osborne, Windsor and Buckingham Palaces, in fact, all her Majesty's residences, are literally crammed with statues, statuettes and pictures of her favorite domestics. John Brown being represented in bronze, in marble, in silver and even in gold, while at every point in the grounds of these palaces one may see trees adorned with a blue and white enamel tag, stating that it had been planted in memory of some menial or four-footed friend.

But you can look long before you find even a bust, a cairn, or even a tree to commemorate statesmen such as the great Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clive and others who have contributed to illustrate her long and glorious reign, and who have devoted their lives to her service and to that of the nation. And even people of rank who have been among the most intimate and trusted members of her household, such as, for instance, the late Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby and the late Gen. Sir John Cowell, who had been members of her entourage for nigh on to half a century—one as private secretary and the other as master of her household—have been far less mourned, at least to any visible extent, by their royal mistress than she did in the case of her menials.

NECKTIES AS BAROMETERS.

Devices by Which Every Man May be His Own Weather Prophet.

A fabric that changes color under varying conditions of the weather has just been produced.

No practical use of the new invention has yet been made, except a few sample neckties which the inventor has distributed among his friends. The fabric of which the neckties are made resembles a coarse linen. When the weather is warm and fair the color is a a dark blue. In cold weather it changes to purple. The approach of rain is heralded by pink, and snow causes the necktie to become a startling green.

The invention marks a new era in fashions. Shirts, trousers, gowns, and other articles of dress can be made of the material. The invention is yet in its infancy. When it has been developed to a greater extent the women of fashion can array herself in a blue gown in the morning. By noon it will turn to a mauve. The afternoon will find it pink, and the evening some other color.

As a labor-saving institution the new cloth is exceeding valuable. Thermometers and barmometers will go out of fashion. The "city man" as he puts on his shirt in the morning has but to glance at the color. If it is a purple he wears his heaviest overcoat. If it is pink, he takes his umbrella under his arm. When sails are made of chameleon cloth the yachtsman has but to glance at his mainsail to know what kind of weather is coming.

HOW FAR BLOOD TRAVELS.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals astounding facts. It is calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of two hundred and seven yards in a minute, or seven miles an hour, one hundred and sixty-eight miles a day, and sixty-one thousand three hundred and twenty miles a year. If a man eighty-four years of age could have had one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have travelled in that time five million one hundred and fifty thousand miles.

A FATAL CASE.

Bystander—Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries?

Doctor—Humph! Two of them are undoubtedly fatal, but, as for the rest of them, time alone can tell.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cookstown is to have a fire hall.

Gibraltar has a fine string band.

A Parkhill cat has hydrophobia.

Athlone is afflicted with measles.

Oakville pays $75 to assess itself.

Tottenham will have a spring fair.

Aurora's deficite this year is $1,400.

Thompsonville has no empty houses.

There is a building boom at Perth.

The Rugby mill runs 24 hours a day.

A new hotel will be built at Rathbun.

Natural gas has been found at Lyndon.

Newmarket has a re-organized cricket club.

Batteau's Farmers' Club is doing good work.

Guelph has a Junior Athletic Association.

Cheese will bring a good price this season.

Kingston pays out $55,000 a year in wages.

Penetanguishene complains of hay stealers.

Oil Springs hotelmen want their license reduced.

A Baptist church is to be built at Petrolea.

In two months a Guelph canary hatched nine birds.

Vacant houses and stores in Listowel are scarce.

The new Christ church at Listowel will cost $5,000.

It will take $7,000 to run the London City Hospital.

Singhampton has a number of scandalizing pugilists.

Kingston talks about buying its electric light plant.

Wheat delivery in Manitoba shows a large falling off.

The early closing movement is in effect at Wyoming.

Smith's creek, Port Hope, has been named Ganeraska.

Sleeping cars on the G. T. R. are being greatly improved.

An annex will be built to the Strathroy House of Refuge.

An Ambulance Association is to be organized in Guelph.

A Presbyterian church is to be built at St. Catharines.

Two powerful search lights are to be erected at Halifax.

There will be a building boom at Coldwater this summer.

The largest unincorporated village in Ontario is Hanover.

The Western Fair at London will begin September 10th.

It will cost St. Thomas $24,000 to run its schools this year.

The Dresden agency of the Merchants' Bank is to be closed.

Ontario county will have the Torrens' system after July 1st.

A Strathroy man split 16 cords of wood in 14 hours last week.

The Aylmer branch of the C. P. R. is now an electric road.

Maple sugar making has not been much of a success this spring.

The Meaford Public school requires no home-work of its pupils.

Warminster will soon have a strong team of football players.

New looms are being put into the St. Catharines carpet works.

The Paris societies will have a joint demonstration May 24th.

The commercial hotel, Milton, has been sold at auction for $6,800.

An Ingersoll man the other day wanted a marriage license on trust.

Northern township farmers in Ontario are organizing beef rings.

It will cost $6,418 this year to maintain the asylum at Orillia.

The North Simcoe Teachers' Convention will be held May 21st.

Eighteen car loads of tobacco passed over the G.T.R. recently.

The Union furniture factory burned at Wingham has been rebuilt.

Last winter 2,000 teams crossed from Kingston to Cape Vincent.

The switches in the G. T. R. yards are to be lighted by electricity.

A Wyoming man bought a black fox skin the other day for $45.

It cost Montreal $20,000 to clear away two days' snow last winter.

Manitoulin Island is flooded with counterfeit Bank of Toronto bills.

Twenty-one foreign steamers loaded at St. John, N. B., during March.

There is an open-air rink three miles long at the Dutch Settlement.

J. W. Sutherland has been appointed chief of police of Oil Springs.

Mrs. Douglas, Lindsay, is the great-grandmother of 50 grandchildren.

A new organ has been put into the Presbyterian church at St. Catharines.

In St. Thomas a lady stopped a runaway horse by waving her red shawl at him.

A telephone line is to be constructed from West Bay to Providence Bay, Manitoulin.

The Canadian Carriage Company has an Australian order for a car load of carriages.

There are 289 Mechanics' Institutes and twelve Free Libraries in the Province of Ontario.

Recently the St. Thomas street railway was put up at auction and withdrawn at $1,400.

THEIR ADVANTAGE.

An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England—or a portion of it.

"Tell me, my good man, how you manage it," he said condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket.

"It is werry simple, sir," replied the gardener, quaintly. "You cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and rolls it and cuts it for six hundred years."

HER EXPLANATION.

Short—There's another bill from the tailor. I wonder why he keeps sending bills to people who he knows can't pay.

Mrs. Short—Perhaps, my dear, he does it as an advertisement.

Blessedness is a whole eternity, older than damnation.—Richter.

STRYCHNINE FIENDS.

The Latest and Deadliest Stimulant for Jaded Nerves.

A new kind of patient can shortly be looked for at the gold-cure establishment, the victim of the strychnine habit. We have had the cocaine fiend, the morphine fiend, the calve of the hasheesh habit, and the wretched mortals whom only a regular diet of opium could keep alive. The medical records even contain instances of men and women who were victims of two or three of these habits combined, and learned opinions have been given regarding the effect of one drug counteracting that of another.

The strangest victim to drugs of an excessively stimulating nature, however, is the strychnine fiend. Strychnine is known to medical science as a deadly poison, but when taken under medical direction it acts as a powerful tonic, greatly stimulating the heart's action. So powerful is it in its operation that only the most infinitesimal proportion is allowed in a tonic prescription. Yet it has been seized upon by the physical wrecks of civilization as a means of stimulating the flickering spark of life, and a strychnine "jag" can be added to the hilarious moments that nerve-smashing drugs afford.

The discovery of the strychnine fiend was made by a religious worker, in a large city, whose mission takes him nightly into the society of women to whom excitement of some sort is essential to the forgetfulness of life's dark side. This missionary recently found, early one morning, the form of a well-dressed woman prostrate on the sidewalk. She was taken to one of the institutions in connection with which the missionary worked, and a doctor sent for.

It was clearly a case of "jag" of some kind or other, and the medical man assumed it to be the usual morphine kind common with women of this class. The usual remedies were applied, but

THE DEATH-LIKE PALLOR

of the patient's face and the queer action of the heart alarmed the doctor and he ordered her clothing searched to obtain a clew to guide him in his efforts to bring her to consciousness.

In the woman's pocket was found a small bottle containing a few pellets, which, upon investigation, proved to contain enough strychnine to kill an elephant. The woman was suffering from an overdose of strychnine, and the drug had done its work well. It was with the greatest difficulty that her life was saved, and for days following this she cried pitifully for the deadly tonic that was withheld from her. From her own statement and the doctor and those who had had a large acquaintance with women of her class believed it, she had begun by taking a very small portion of strychnine, and, as the craving for the drug increased, had added to her daily dose until she found she could take with impunity a quantity sufficient to kill ten people who were unused to poison. Questioned as to the effects of the strychnine, she replied that it gave her a sense of exhilaration that was "as near to heaven as she wanted to get." She had been a morphine fiend, but found the effects of strychnine to be so far superior to morphine in its effects that she had long since ceased to be attracted by the old drug. It was evident that the woman had been using the strychnine for a long time and the pallor of her face told the story of an inevitable succumbing to consumption in the near future.

An investigation proved that the strychnine habit is

A reporter who visited the drug stores of the district where women of this kind congregate gathered some additional particulars regarding the new "dope."

One druggist stated that the poison book in which entries are made of all deadly drugs sold, showed a steady increase in the amount of strychnine sold. "It is quite evident that the new stimulant is gaining in favor," said this druggist, "and the recklessness of the 'fiends' is sure to result in some fatality unless druggists decline to sell strychnine altogether. Those addicted to its use buy it in pellets and the dose they take is regulated by themselves. Many of the recently announced cases of suicide were undoubtedly the result of an overdose by one of these unfortunates. The seasoned hands are so fond of taking an enormous quantity without doing anything more than quickening the beating of their dying hearts and stimulating their jaded nerves, but those to whom a drug is a new thing are likely to kill themselves with a comparatively small quantity. I have on my books the names of women who are sending ornaments of society who send to me for strychnine pellets with the stereotyped assertion that they are 'wanted to kill a sick cat.' The women who send for the poison are without doubt victims of the strychnine habit. Then I shall show you the names of men who are regular customers for strychnine. In their case the poison is usually taken to counteract the evil effects of tobacco smoking. A person can derive some benefit from taking strychnine, as the tsimulating action of the one poison counteracts the sedative effects of the other. In these cases the poison may be taken with some benefit, under medical direction; but with the ordinary 'fiend' who merely takes it for the pleasurable sensation it produces the after effect is bound to be disastrous.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The great event of the year 1896 is the total eclipse of the sun, visible only in the extreme portion of Japan, Amoor River, Siberia, Nova Zembla, and the northern part of Norway, within the Arctic Circle. It is estimated that there will be many expeditions from various points in Europe, England, Germany and France. It will also be possible to get a glimpse of the midnight sun, which is seen at the North Cape, above the horizon, at midnight, as late as August 1st. Thus, within a few days, it will be possible to see the full sun at midnight. The expedition will be accompanied by many astronomers and students of astronomy.

ARMED AT THAT POINT.

Bored? repeated the Armless Wonder. Oh, no, I don't get bored. I manage in such a way that time never hangs heavy on my hands.

IT WAS SO.

Miss Sweetly—How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?

Mr. Plainman—I saw it in the papers this morning.

CURRENT NOTES.

When King Lobengula died, following the defeat of his warriors by a British expedition in 1893, the power of the Matabele was held to be irretrievably broken, there being no other chieftain able to command a general revolt. Matabeleland passed by the consent of the British government under the administration of the British South Africa company; British settlement of the territory proceeded so rapidly that a year ago 1,070 farms, aggregating 6,400,000 acres, had been registered; and Dr. Jameson, administrator of the company, declared that the Matabele had settled down contentedly under the protection of a civilized government. Yet within the past month the Matabele have risen in insurrection, have killed many of the settlers, and are now said to be concentrating in the Matoppo hills, and, under the lead of a son of Lobengula, preparing for a general war against the whites. Various reasons are assigned for the outbreak, one being incitement thereto by Boer agents as a part of concerted movements against British authority in South Africa, having for their object the complete independence of the Transvaal, if not the establishment of an independent South African federation. A better reason may, however, be found in the recent defeat of Dr. Jameson and his raiders in the Transvaal, and the subsequent breaking up of the company's police force, thus so diminishing British prestige and leaving the territory without adequate defence, as to encourage the restless spirits among the Matabele in the belief that a revolt would be successful. However this may be, the rising would at any other time be regarded merely as a native emeute, to be promptly crushed out by a small exp ditionary force; but the keen anxiety it excites both at the Cape and in London, shows the connection assumed between it and the troubles which have arisen between Great Britain and the Transvaal.

So far as appears, the pacific adjustment of these troubles is more remote than ever, the Boers, apparently being determined to rid themselves by force if necessary of the British suzerainty established by the Anglo-Boer convention of 1884, a resolve in which they will have the sympathy of the German emperor. It is stated that President Kruger has replied to Mr. Chamberlain's demand that he visit London for a conference, that decision does not rest with him, but with the Transvaal Parliament, and that the latter will only assent to his visit on condition that the convention of 1884 be so amended as to recognize the complete independence of the Dutch republic. He has, moreover, paid no heed to Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that the position of the uitlanders be improved, but has on the other hand been buying large quantities of arms and ammunition in Germany, fortifying Pretoria, and reorganizing the Boer army through German military officers. It is estimated, too, that he will have in repudiating the treaty of 1884, the support not only of the Boers of the Orange Free State, but of the powerful Afrikander element in the population of Cape Colony, and that in the event of war the British forces will have to face not the Transvaal alone, but the united Dutch peoples of South Africa. This is a serious situation for Great Britain, the more that any attempt to greatly reinforce her garrisons at the Cape under the pretext of suppressing the Matabele revolt, will probably be regarded by the Boers as preparations to coerce the Transvaal, and so provoke an immediate declaration of independence, with war as its inevitable sequence.

THE DOCKS OF LIVERPOOL.

The Most Splendid Dock System in the World.

No description can convey an adequate impression of the vastness of the Liverpool docks, of their cyclopean architecture, of their gigantic trade. Liverpool, as a city, has claims to admiration—claims that are seldom duly honored by the multitudes who hasten through it on their way into or out of England. Still there are other cities more beautiful, more imposing. It is the labor of Ald. Philip Rathbone's life to make it the Venice of the north, and a Rathbone, the son of the man who laid the foundation-stone of Elme's magnificent St. George's hall, may do much in Liverpool. The time has not yet come, however, when Liverpool requires a Ruskin. But if passengers may be forgiven for ignoring the city—or the "good old town," as it used to be styled—they are to be pitied if they do not make full use of the opportunity of seeing and studying the most splendid dock system in the world. In the olden world the marvels of construction were the palaces, temples, amphitheatres; the wonders to-day is making to leave for admiration of the touring New Zealander, are bridges, viaducts, canals, docks. It is the era of commerce. When it is over, when mankind evolves to a state of scientifically ordered pleasures and idleness, when invention and enterprise rank as capital crimes against the felicities of existence, then will our distant and degenerate posterity gaze on the mighty ruins of the Liverpool docks with a reverence akin to that with which we gape at Baalbec, the colosseum, the mediaeval cathedrals and castles, the Athenian Acropolis, the Pyramids.

In all, the locks, docks and basins have a quay space of near 26 miles, in addition to which Birkenhead boasts nine miles more, making a grand total of 35 miles; besides which there are graving docks, with a gross floor length of 14,919 feet.

JIMSON'S MOTTO.

Jimson has just married again. That makes his third venture and he is still a young man.

Yes; it seems to be his motto to marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

About the House.

SWEEPING AS A SCIENCE.

To sweep a room is little; to get it ready for sweeping takes time. There should be a variety of brushes and cloths. A paint brush makes an excellent tool for removing the dust that lodges in carving and which cannot be reached by a dust cloth. A stiffer brush gets it from mouldings coarser than carvings. A wooden skewer or even a pointed sharp knife may be needed for corners which have not been clean for so long that the dirt is packed in them. These corners may be found in some nice houses. An old silk handkerchief makes a good duster, and next best is old cheese cloth. Feather dusters are absolutely useless except for throwing the dust into the air.

Each piece of furniture should be dusted with brushes if needed, and if of plain surface, should be wiped with a damp, not wet, cloth, then rubbed with a dry one, and set into another room. Furniture that is too heavy to be set out of the room should be dusted and covered with a sheet kept for that purpose. All stuffed pieces need sweeping with whisk broom where the stuff is fastened down. Dust, and sometimes insects, are there.

These preparations made, the actual work begins. With a long-handled brush the mouldings at the top of the wall are swept. Then the picture frames are wiped with a cloth and protected with newspapers. All the corners are treated with the skewer or the knife, and then the broom begins its duties. It is not a neat method to sweep the dirt from one part of the room over all the remainder of it. It is better to begin in one corner, sweep toward the centre, then take another corner, again working toward the centre, and so on until all the surface has been covered.

She who flirts her broom does not know the A B C of sweeping. The stroke should be long, the broom always on the floor, pushing the dirt before it, not setting it in motion by the wind raised through flurrying the broom. There will be less dust with this way of holding the broom, and more cleanliness.

It is a mistake to open a window when the sweeping begins, but it should be opened after the sweeping is done, and if there can be a current of air from opposite windows, it is better still, as all the particles in the air will be borne out on the breeze. A current of air when one is at the work will send the dirt all over the room. Salt may be sprinkled on any carpet without harming it, indeed, it will brighten the colors, but tea leaves, sawdust or anything wet may be safely applied only to dark carpets. When it is not possible to sweep without clouds of dust the carpet should be taken up and shaken whether it is housecleaning time or not. It is impossible to make it clean in any other way.

Bare floors are much more easily cared for than carpeted. They may be waxed or varnished, and need nothing more done to them than wiping with a cloth. Washing with soap and water destroys the finish of a floor or oil-cloth. If they really need washing they should receive it only in the shape of a cloth dampened in milk rubbed over them. That does not destroy the oil in the cloth or finish.

Carpets will wear years longer if never touched with a broom, but wiped with a wet cloth. This is as bad for the worker's life as it is good for the carpets. Ox gall put into water will tone up the colors, though they may have been dulled by time of service.

After the room has been swept and aired, the woodwork should be wiped with a damp cloth. The window and door frames are too often forgotten, and it is not pleasant to put one's fingers over the surface. Swept and dusted in this way, the dust has been removed from the room, not thrown upon its ornaments, and the air will be sweet and fresh. Return the furniture which has been set outside, and the work is done. A truly clean room awaits the light summer something more then muscle is needed for sweeping and dusting. They are improved by the addition of common sense and natural niceness, because these insure thoroughness, and that is needed in housework.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Fried Cakes.—Beat together thoroughly 1 cup of sugar, 2 eggs; add 1 cup of sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls thick sweet cream, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted with about one quart of flour; pinch of salt and 1 teaspoonful lemon extract. Handle the dough lightly as it should be soft but not sticky. Add more flour if necessary.

White Cake.—Cream together 1 cup sugar, 1-3 cup butter; add 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 1-2 cups of flour in which is sifted 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Lastly add, cutting in gently, the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Flavor to suit; bake in long pan for layer cake or in smaller pan and cut in squares after icing or covering with chocolate. Boiled white icing is nice on this cake.

Tapioca Pudding.—One cup tapioca soaked over night in sufficient water to cover. Heat 1 pint of milk in double boiler—add tapioca; let boil until clear. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt, beaten yolks of 3 eggs; stir well; lastly stir in beaten whites of 3 eggs and remove from the fire at once. Flavor and turn into a bowl to cool.

Salad Dressing.—One egg, little pinch of mustard, butter size of a walnut, 1-3 cup of sugar, 1-2 cup vinegar (scant measure). Beat all together, bring to boil and set away to cool. Add 1 cup sweet cream when used, and salt and pepper. This is better when made the day before it is needed and is nice for several kinds of salad, including cabbage, lettuce and chicken.

Lady Fingers.—Into one-quarter pound of pulverized sugar stir the yolks of three eggs, until light. Use a spoon for this. Beat the whites of the three eggs until stiff, and add to the first mixture, also one-half cup of flour sifted. Pour this batter into a meringue bag and press it through in strips the size of the lady finger desired, long or short. Sprinkle with pulverized sugar and bake in a slow oven about a quarter of an hour.

FRENCH PROFITS IN EGYPT.

M. Berthelot speaks of three-fourths of the Egyptian bonds being in French hands, and the interests of the holders must be safeguarded, but this is merely an oratorical flourish, as can be shown by a simple calculation, says a Paris correspondent. Just before Sir Rivers Wilson was sent to Egypt the 500-franc bond of the unified debt, for instance, was quoted at 130 francs. Had all Egyptian securities been then sold, they would have produced 800,000,000 francs, and the three-fourths said to be in French hands would have realized 600,000,000 francs. These three-fourths are now worth 1,800,000,000 francs. The English occupation has thus given France a profit of 1,200,000,000 francs. I do not fancy that any French colony has yielded as much. The Suez Canal, upon which milliards of French capital were spent, pays in consequence of the dues from English shipping. It is therefore at least odd to speak of French bondholders having to be protected from English waste.

PROTECTING THE RUBBER VINE.

Remarkable Lesson That is Now Being Taught to the Congo Natives.

A while ago the Congo State began the work of teaching hundreds of thousands of natives a lesson on the immorality of wasting or wantonly destroying useful things. It is doubtful if such a lesson was ever before presented so impressively or on so large a scale to great masses of barbarous people. Important results are already reported.

All along the coasts of western tropical Africa and in some parts of East Africa the native rubber hunters, instead of tapping the rubber vines to get the sap, have been in the habit of cutting the vine off, thus destroying the plant. Enormous quantities of rubber-producing plants have thus been destroyed, and in large districts along the coast rubber collecting has entirely ceased. Some years ago rubber exports ceased entirely at the French settlement of Senegambia and Caloon, where the trade had once flourished. It became necessary to travel for days into the interior even to see a rubber plant.

One of the greatest sources of wealth in the Congo basin is the quantity of rubber its forests contain. The exports are already large, although every pound of rubber still has to be carried about 200 miles, on the backs of men, around the Congo cataracts. It was soon found that all the rubber the natives brought to the stations was obtained by killing the plant that produced it. The State decided that it must nip this evil in the bud or the rubber industry would, in time, be destroyed. It, therefore, passed a law making it a misdemeanor to kill the rubber plant. Instructions were issued to all the agents of the State and commercial companies, and to the missionaries scattered among about one hundred stations on the Upper Congo and its larger tributaries, telling them to show the natives how to collect rubber, and warning them that they would be punished if in future they killed the plant to get the sap, and so some hundreds of white men have been and still are teaching this important lesson to the black tribes scattered over an immense area. This is the way they talk to the natives:

"Rubber is good for the white men, for if it was not we would not buy it of you. It is good for you, because we give you many things you want for it. But you are killing the vine, and, if you keep on by and by there will be no rubber for you and for us. Now, Bula Matadi (the Government) has passed a law saying that you must not cut the vine off and kill it. This is the way you get the rubber. You must make a hole in the vine in this way; the sap will flow for you, the wound will heal, the plant will produce again. But if you cut the vine off you will destroy something that is good for us all, and Bula Matadi will punish you for it."

So the natives are now tapping the vines, and are telling one another and the children that they must never kill the rubber plant, for it is useful both to white and to black men. It will be a good thing if this lesson can be inculcated all over tropical Africa. The British Consul, writing from Mozambique a while ago, said that in a region that had exported $250,000 of rubber in a year the industry was rapidly declining, as the cutting down of vines by them had destroyed enormous tracts of rubber. The species of palm from which palm oil is derived is disappearing from some regions of the Guinea coast on account of the ruthless destruction of the forests. It is a strange fact that the palm oil exports of the Gold coast were greatly diminished for a time by the short-lived superstition, fostered by fetich doctors, that cracking palm nuts for their oil was the cause of smallpox.

INGENUOUS.

Mr. Stilby—Really, Miss Chatter, I don't see how you find so much to talk about. I am very glad to have been introduced to you. It is a pleasure to hear an original person talk.

Miss Chatter—Yes, our hostess said she thought we would get on nicely together. I think people of opposite characteristics are always likely to be congenial, don't you?

HER GRIEVANCE

There was a girl behind me at the theater last night, she said indignantly, who must be a dreadfully selfish, disagreeable creature.

What makes you think so? asks her mother.

She had on a hat that was simply a monster in size.

Well—your own hat was not small. You insisted on wearing your new one, you know.

Yes. But nobody who sat behind that girl got a chance to see it.

RAPIDLY GAINING

in popularity, both among the class that, in spite of French objections to the term, is persistently called the demi-monde, and the respectable element of society.

STRICTLY IN FASHION.

Marie—When are you going to be married—at high noon?

Estelle—No, George said he thought it would be better for us to be married at high 8 p. m.

MISINFORMED.

He—I am told that your admirers' name is legion.

She (blushingly)—Oh, no, indeed—his name is Jones.

A female shoemaker sits in the window of her little shop in Brooklyn, and mends the footwear of her patrons. Her husband is also a shoemaker, and works beside her; but she is the boss. Both are Italians.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

SEPARATORS AND THE SEPARATION OF MILK.

(By Mark Sprague, Ontario Agricultural College.)

As cream separators are coming more into use every day in the creameries of the Province, we feel that a few hints as to their care and management would be welcomed by all who are interested in butter-making.

As there are six or seven kinds of separators on the market, differing very much in construction, it would need as many sets of directions to make this part of our bulletin complete; but space will not permit of so full a treatment of this special department.

The principle of separation in each machine being the same, we will divide our separators into two classes, viz., belt separators, and steam or turbine separators, the latter being driven by steam direct from the boiler.

1. Belt Machines. A stone foundation is not required for those makes of separators that are built with a rubber ring around the upper bearing, but the best results are got from having separators solidly placed or set. First, place the intermediate, or jack, in position. Level it and put it in line with the driving shaft. Then fasten it in position with bolts or lag-screws, bearing in mind that it may be placed immediately under, or several feet either way from the centre of the driving shaft, as best suits the requirements and taking care that the pulley on the driving shaft be of sufficient width to carry the belt and allow of its being shifted from the tight to the loose pulley of the intermediate, and vice versa, and of the proper size to give the exact speed required.

Next, place the frame of the separator in position, far enough from the intermediate to give the proper tension to the endless belt. Level the machine both ways by placing your level on the top of the cast frame, which is turned true for this purpose. Line the separator with the intermediate by bringing the right hand outside surface of the spindle pulley in line with the centre of the face of the large intermediate pulley, then bolt the separator securely to the floor or foundation, unless it be one that has the spindle and bowl connected by a socket-joint. If the spindle is so connected, bolting down will be unnecessary.

Bear in mind that the separator bowl should revolve or turn to the right, or with the sun, and that the intermediate should run from the separator. Never put the idler or tightener on the draw-side of the belt. Where only one separator is used, put on all the belting and start the separator with the engine, taking from ten to fifteen minutes to reach the proper speed. Wipe all bearings to free them from dust or dirt, and see that all oil tubes are cleaned and free to allow the oil to flow to the bearings. Look carefully after this matter from day to day.

2. Steam or Turbine Separators. In setting a steam or turbine machine you have only to decide on the place to set it. This separator also must be set solid so as to be free from the possibility of vibration, and must be levelled in the same way as the belt machines. Turbine separators are all fitted with three-quarter steam fittings, but if the separator be placed so that more than twenty feet of pipe is required to reach to the boiler, use a larger pipe to insure sufficient steam to drive it properly, adding one-quarter of an inch in size of pipe for every twenty feet in distance. Take care to remove all scales and cutting from pipes before placing them in position.

The exhaust pipe is usually made of galvanized iron, four inches in diameter. It may be conducted through the side of the building, provided it is placed so as to drain well, or it may be put through the roof. The latter method is preferred, as the danger of frightening horses is thus done away with. It should be long enough to reach higher than any point of the roof, in order that the draft may not be interfered with. When it is put through the roof, a drain pipe must be connected with the elbow at the lowest point to carry away the condensed steam. This in most cases may be put through the floor or be allowed to run into a pail. Next put the bowl and spindle in place, being sure to have all bearings cleaned and oiled. Then fill the bowl with water, if it be a separator that has steam turned directly against the bowl. This will keep the bowl cool until sufficient speed has been reached to cause a current of air around the bowl, which will keep it cool thereafter. Apply steam gradually, having the regulating valve set so that it will keep the pressure at forty-five to fifty pounds on the steam gauge. If there is no safety valve, the pressure will have to be regulated by the globe valve.

After speed has been reached in either the turbine or the belt separator, the milk should be turned on full feed, until both the cream and the skim-milk flow freely; then it should be closed off till the cream is the desired thickness.

Milk separates best when fresh or new, and at a temperature of ninety degrees. But in creameries the usual practice is to bring the night's and morning's milk together to the factory. In such cases, if the temperature has fallen below eighty-five degrees, the milk should be heated to eighty-five or ninety degrees at least eight or ten minutes before going to the separator. This is done by means of a tempering vat, holding about 400 pounds, and is attached to the receiving vat, so as to have a constant and regular flow to the separator.

Heating increases the difference in the specific gravity between the serum and the fat of milk and thus facilitates the separation of the latter. Frozen milk separates better when heated to the right degrees higher than that which has not been frozen.

After all the milk has been separated, the cream left in bowl can be forced out by putting in some skim-milk or warm water; about two pailfuls will be needed for this purpose. Shut off the feed tap for a few seconds when about one pailful has gone through; then turn it on again.

Always allow the bowl to stop of its own accord after the power has been taken off—never apply any brake or friction to it. Wash in tepid water the bowl and all the parts that come in contact with the milk or cream, cleaning all foreign substances from the skim milk tubes, etc. Then scald with steam or boiling water, and allow to dry, after which the parts may be put together for operation next day.

Two thicknesses of quarter-inch rubber packing placed under the outside edge of the base, before bolting the separator down, improves the running of any separator. Four rubber rings, one under each corner, also have a beneficial effect in making the separator run smoothly and quietly.

In conclusion, we would say to any one who gets a separator: If you are not familiar with it, get some person who has had experience to assist you in setting it up. The very high rate of speed at which cream separators run, makes them somewhat dangerous in the hands of inexperienced operators.

MILK FOR CREAMERIES.

(By J. H. Findlay, Ontario Agricultural College.)

As it is necessary that the cheese and butter makers should be supplied with first-class material to work with, we should look more closely to the care of milk. Only milk of a good quality and free from any taint or odor should be accepted at a creamery. The cows should be supplied with good wholesome food, and have access at all times to pure water. The cow's udder should be well brushed each time before commencing to milk, and the milking should be done with dry hands and as quickly as possible, care being taken to get the "strippings," as this is the richest part of the milk. As soon as the milk is drawn from the cow it should be taken to a convenient place and strained and aerated, care being taken to see that the surrounding atmosphere is pure, as milk is very susceptible to taints or odors. The aerating may be done by dipping or pouring the milk from one vessel to another; and milk that is properly aerated will require very little cooling. All pails, strainers, etc., should be of tin and should be washed with warm water and then scalded with boiling water immediately after being used. The butter maker should reject any milk that is tainted in any way and notify the patrons as to its defect. He should also give the remedy if possible. Cleanliness should be practised at all times both by the butter maker and by the patrons supplying the milk.

A STARTER.

(By R. W. Stratton, Ontario Agricultural College.)

A started is some milk in which the lactic acid has been allowed to develop, and is used to hasten the ripening of milk.

A suitable can for keeping it in should first be provided, one similar to the ordinary cream gathering can will do, having double walls with a hollow space between them. It should have two lids, one fitting closely inside of the can with a flange to keep it from going below the shoulder, and the other covering over all and fitting closely to the outside.

In preparing the starter, use only milk of the best quality, which has been aired, and is free from any foreign flavor. It is better to use the same patron's milk each day, endeavoring to arrange with some one whom you know to be scrupulously clean, and who has some fresh milkers in his herd, as the acid in milk from fresh cows will develop much faster than in milk from those that are farther advanced in the period of lactation.

Save about twenty pounds for each vat and raise it to a temperature of from eighty to eighty-five degrees; then add one pound of the previous day's starter for every twenty-five or thirty pounds of the fresh milk saved; mix all thoroughly and allow to stand for about one hour. Then add about one-third as much water as there is milk, (in warm weather the water may be added at the time of adding the old starter), stir well, cover up closely, and set in a clean, warm room where an even temperature can be maintained, and do not disturb it until required for use.

Before using, it will be better to remove from one-half to two inches from the surface of the can, as the flavor on the surface will not be found so good as that which is below. Then break up the remainder by stirring it in the can, take out what is required, and pour from one pail to another a few times, when it will have a creamy consistency and be ready for use.

It is better, whenever practicable, to Pasteurize the milk used in making the starter, as it insures a better and more uniform flavor. Especially when making it in small quantities, we would recommend Pasteurizing by following the rule given in the creamery work.

HOW TO USE A STARTER.

Just when and how much to use cannot be definitely stated. It must be determined by the exercise of good judgment. Suffice it to say, that it is better to err on the safe side, by using too little rather than too much. First apply the rennet test, to be sure of the acidity of the milk, before adding the starter. A starter may be used with advantage at all times with grassy milk, and in cold weather when milk is being delivered at the factory very sweet. It is known for a certainty that all the milk being delivered in the vat is perfectly sweet, a little may be added on the start; but the bulk should always be kept until the condition of the milk has been ascertained by the rennet test. Do not ripen the milk so long by two or three seconds when using a starter.

Let it always be remembered that while a good, clean-flavored starter can be used to advantage, a poor flavored one should never be used under any circumstances, as it would spoil the flavor of the whole vat.

INTERLOCKING BRICK.

The new brick, whether used in an outside wall or an inside partition, are designed to tie themselves together in such a way that the wall can not be sprung outward nor cracked. Upon both the upper and lower faces of the brick are recesses and projections or nipples, the nipples being ordinarily made to extend a slight distance above the plane of the margin of the brick. In breaking joints the nipples on the one end of the under face of the upper brick come between the nipples on the end of the upper face of the lower brick, but there is sufficient space between the nipples to permit the bricks to be moved endwise or sidewise. The cement or mortar in which the bricks are laid may be as deep or as shallow as desired, for when the margins of the brick are brought in contact there is a sufficient quantity of the cementing material to form a tie.

It is estimated that it takes two years for the water from the Gulf of Mexico to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

News About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

M. Stoiloff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, is only four feet six inches in height.

It is said Dr. Jameson's medical practice in South Africa was worth $15,000 a year.

Queen Victoria would be able to stock a good-sized china and crockery-ware establishment. She owns $2,000,000 worth of china.

Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the genial author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least sure of his board and clothes."

One day as Canon Hole was wandering through a rural parish where he had been trying to beat a little religion into the heads of the rising generation, he met a boy who forgot to touch his hat. Whereupon the Canon observed: "My lad, you are better fed than taught." "Yes," said the urchin, "father feeds me but it's you as teaches me."

The report has been persistently circulated in England that the Prince of Wales has "counselled" Lord Dunraven as to his course in the controversy with the New York Yacht Club. This is absolutely denied by those in a position to know the truth of the matter. His Highness has not interfered in the matter either directly or indirectly.

Nearly all the members of the Royal family of England are cyclists. Princess Victoria of Wales, the Dutchess of Fife, Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Henry of Battenberg all ride and are enthusiasts. The Queen of Italy had her first bicycle lessons last summer, but is already an expert. She required only twelve lessons to become proficient.

The Queen of England has none of that fussiness which often attends persons who have passed their allotted three score and ten. Her photographer speaks of her as one of the best of his "subjects." When she honors him with a sitting he is informed beforehand how many minutes Her Majesty has to spare and the photograph is always taken satisfactorily within the allotted time. On one occasion two photographs were taken in five minutes, one of the Queen alone and one with the two Princesses of Hesse.

The Shah of Persia shares the common weakness of nearly all sovereigns in cherishing the delusion that he would excel in other fields if destiny had not called him to the throne. The Shah's particular fad is poetry. Not long ago, he invited one of the famous rhymsters of his kingdom to the palace and honored him by reading some of the royal poetical effusions. Upon his Majesty inquiring what he thought of them the old poet, with more frankness than caution, told him that they were without rhyme, reason or sense. Whereupon, the Shah flew into a rage, had the poet taken to a stable and flogged. A few days later the old man was again summoned into the presence of the Shah, who spoke kindly to him and proceeded to read more verses. After the Shah had finished the aged critic rose up and stalked in the direction of the stables without a word. "Where are you going?" exclaimed the Shah. "Sire, they are no better than the last. I go to the stables for another flogging." The Shah burst into a loud laugh and has since retained the old fellow as a member of his household.

LOST ON RAILWAYS.

The Great Number and Variety of Properties Lost on English Railways.

In the English Strand Magazine Mr. W. Fitzgerald tells of the Lost Property office in London. He visited Scotland Yard, and the lost property rooms of most of the railway companies. He began with Euston, where about 30,000 articles are received every year. About three-fourths of the larger ones are restored to their owners, but there are more than twenty inquiries every day about articles which have been lost and not found. Four thousand unclaimed umbrellas are sold every year. A first-class passenger from Liverpool to Euston had thrown his artificial teeth out of the window with some plum stones. The line was searched, and the teeth were found, and duly restored to their owner. At King's Cross it takes six weeks to sort up the articles for the annual sale. The Great Northern in addition of newspapers every twelve months. Umbrellas are sold in lots from six to thirty-six, and fetch from $10 a lot downward. All the lost property found in the Great Northern last year unclaimed was sold for $850. As 1,000 walking sticks and 1,300 umbrellas were included the articles must have been sold dirt cheap.

The Great Eastern railway company last year sold the following articles among the unclaimed lost property: "One hundred and forty handbags turned up, and there were five huge cases of books; 450 pairs of boots and shoes; 614 collars, cuffs and fronts; 252 caps; 505 deerstalker hats; 2,000 single gloves; 230 ladies' hats and bonnets; 94 brushes and combs; 265 pipes; 110 purses; 100 tobacco pouches; 1,000 walking sticks; 300 socks and stockings; 104 towels; 1,100 handkerchiefs; 2,301 umbrellas and 7 big cases and 128 separate articles of wearing apparel."

There are any number of gloves which are sold very cheap. At the last sale 2,000 gloves went for about 2 cents a pair. At the London and Southwestern line last year the lost property included 103 mackintoshes and 340 hats and caps. The purses found in the trains at the Southwestern yield on an average $500 a year.

CHARACTER IN TEETH.

An observing dentist says that long, narrow teeth denote vanity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the possession of small, white, separated teeth, and inconstancy is revealed by overlapping teeth.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Teacher—With the exception of the animals Noah took with him into the ark, every living creature perished in the flood.

Doubtful Tommy—The fishes, too?

AN ECONOMIST.

Gladys—Mr. Pennypacker told me he took you to the church fair last night and spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mabel (with a sigh)—Yes; but that was about all.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will have a big convention at Ottawa in May.

Typhoid . Fever

..May be averted..
....by using a....

PASTEUR FILTER

Call and see a sample in operation.....

We have only———

Two Baby Carriages & two Brantford Bicycles left

WE WILL SELL THEM DIRT CHEAP.

Fly Poison, Insect Powder, Chloride of Lime—fresh and seasonable.

We Lead in Toilet Soaps.

W. W. BOLE.

NOTICE!

Subscribers are cautioned in regard to paying THE TIMES subscription arrears to one Woodward. This Wood ward wrongfully abstracted the sub scription books from this office, and may attempt to make collections upon them. As soon as legal process may be got through he will be relieved of their custody. He had the same right to appropriate the lists as he had to take a press or any other office equipment, and strict justice would demand the same penalty. But pity intervenes for this ill-advised and mis-guided indi vidual, to the exclusion of harsh meas ures. In the mean time memory, with such other means as may be avail able, must serve THE TIMES mailing department.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1896.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. H. Gilmour, sr, left for Winnipeg on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt are at the Winnipeg exhibition.

Mr. Art. Smith is among the visitors at Winnipeg this week.

Mr. Campbell, representing the MacLean Publishing Co., of Toronto, was in town on Thursday.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. W. R. Campbell, which will be seen in another column.

Insp. Perry, of Regina, arrived in town yesterday morning, and proceeded to Wood Mountain on a tour of inspection.

David White, representing Tooke Brothers, wholesale dealers in gents' furnishings, Montreal, was in town for a few days this week.

Farmers! Have you seen our stock of pitch forks. We have all kinds. And better still—our prices are a-w-a-y d-o-w-n. T. W. ROBINSON.

Mr. Riddell, a brother of Mr. Wm. Riddell, of the Valley, arrived in town from the east on Tuesday morning and at once proceeded to the ranche.

The sale of the household furniture, horses, carriages, etc, belonging to the late Bishop Bur , is advertised to take place at Indian Head on Wednesday, Aug. 5th,

Mr. Boyle, of Cobden, Renfrew Co., Ontario, spent a few days in town this week. Mr. Boyle is a brother-in-law to Sheriff Murphy, of Moosomin, and is travelling for the benefit of his health.

Miss Lou. Smith and Mr. E. J. Young were united in marriage at Regina on Tuesday afternoon. The bride was the guest of Mrs. L. H. McDonald this spring, and while here made many Moose Jaw friends, who join in wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life.

The marriage of Princess Maud of Wales, daughter of the Prince of Wales, and Prince Charles of Denmark, took place at Buckingham Palace, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, July 22nd. Thus another bond of alliance is welded between the Royal houses of Denmark and England.

A farewell meeting will be held in the Salvation Army barracks on Sunday next, at 8 o'clock, it being the last meeting of which Capt. McKay will have charge. She leaves for Calgary on Thursday, July 30th. Lieut Magee leaves for her home in the Kootenay district on furlough. Capt. Wilson, of Winnipeg, will be the next to take charge of the corps here.

Mr. Jas. Rouatt is taking in the big exhibition.

Mrs. R. L. Slater is visiting friends in Winnipeg.

Mr. T. B. Baker and wife left for Winnipeg on Tuesday.

Miss McDougall left for Winnipeg on Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. McDougall on Monday.

This week we are offering some grand values in canned fruit. Come in and see for yourself. T. W. ROBINSON.

Mr. Martin, of the Moose Jaw public school staff, is in Regina, engaged in the work of examining the June examination papers.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated and administered in St. John's church next Sunday morning after Matins at 11 o'clock.

By the census of Manitoba, taken a fortnight ago, Winnipeg is shown to have a population of 31,649, an increase in ten years of 11,411, or 56 43 per cent.—a very remarkable rate of growth.

Mr. George Holdsworth, C.P.R. car inspector, who has been at the Banff hot springs for the last two weeks, seeking relief from sciatica, is reported to be kicking up his heels like a two-year old colt.

An interesting event took place during last Sunday evening's service in St. John's church. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Astleford, of Marlborough, was baptized and received the name of Steward.

In addition to the Diocesan fund to erect a memorial to Bishop Burn at Qu'Appelle, friends of the late Bishop, especially those living outside the Diocese, are raising a fund for the purpose of making an addition to the Diocesan library, to be called the "Burn Memorial Library."

An exciting baseball match took place on the school grounds on Wednesday evening, between the East and West end ball players. Darkness put a stop to the playing and the game was declared a draw, as the score stood 19 to 13 in favor of the west end, with an innings due their opponents.

A Canadian Pacific refrigerator car was attached to the Pacific express, which passed through Moose Jaw on Monday on the way to Vancouver. The car had a full load of live lobsters that were being shipped from Halifax to the Pacific coast, where they will be planted in the hope that they will take to their new home and increase in numbers.

Despite the unfavorable weather, there was a fairly good attendance at the formal opening of the 1896 Winnipeg Exhibition, on Tuesday morning. The number of exhibits this year is greatly in excess of any previous year, and the special attractions were never better. Every train brought in more visitors, nearly 1,000 arriving on Wednesday. Moose Jaw is well represented, as a large number of her leading citizens attended.

The C.P.R. garden, or more properly speaking, the C P.R. park, is the most attractive spot in town. The weather this year seems to have been furnished to order, and the trees and shrubs are larger and possess a more healthy appearance than they have had at any previous period, while the roses, petunias, crysanthemiums, lillies, etc., seem to strive with each other for supremacy in beauty. Mr. West, the gardener, is to be congratulated on the success that has crowned his labors, which are a proof of what can be grown in the North West Territories with a little care and attention.

The provincial prohibition convention was opened at Toronto on Thursday, July 16th. The chief event of the day was the waiting of a deputation on the Ontario government to find out what the new Premier Hardy intended doing, regarding prohibitory legislation in view of the decision of the Privy Council. The spokesman of the deputation said their reading of the decision was that Ontario had extensive powers in the direction of prohibition. Mr. Hardy replied that he had hoped for a more decisive judgment in the matter of the jurisdiction of the province, but if the question still remained doubtful, the government were anxious to go as far as possible in the matter of temperance legislation, but they must be careful only to go so far as their power justifies.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Mr. Seymour Green went to Winnipeg on Tuesday.

Mr. M. J. Cockburn, of Toronto, was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Tapley and her daughter, Nellie, are visiting Winnipeg this week.

Regina's rate of civil taxation for the current year has been struck at seventeen mills.

Don't forget the garden party at the residence of Mrs. J. T. Simpson, on Monday evening next.

The Presbyterians of Regina held their annual Sunday School picnic at Lumsden, on Friday last.

Mrs. O. B. Fysh and family are spending a holiday at the ranche of H. L. Fysh, a few miles south of town.

Miss Clarke left for Winnipeg on Sunday and Miss Mary Winn is in charge of her store during her visit there.

Housekeepers! Hurry up if you want some of our five cent towels or we will have to say they are all gone. T. W. ROBINSON.

Mr. H. Gilmour, jr, left for Winnipeg on Sunday to be in attendance at the exhibition. He was accompanied by his two sisters.

Miss E. M. Burnett, of the public school teaching staff, left on Monday evening for Winnipeg to spend the balance of her holidays.

Mrs. D. McMillan is visiting friends in Winnipeg during the exhibition. Miss Coventry is in charge of the millinery establishment in her absence.

The household effects of Mrs. Langford will be sold by auction sale at her residence, on Tuesday next, July 28th. Mrs. Langford intends leaving shortly to join her husband in the Kootenay district.

The winning of the Kolapore Cup by the Canadian team at Bisley this year is an event which reflects great credit on our marksmen as this is the sixth occasion on which they have carried off the trophy.

Mr. J. W. Brown, M. L. A., for North Regina, held a series of meetings in his constituency last week. While a farmer by the name of Stewart was away attending one of these meetings, by some unknown means, his stable caught fire and burned to a crisp a fine team of horses.

While the parade of the great Wallace show was in progress in Winnipeg on Friday last, two of the elephants engaged in a friendly (?) fight, with trunks and heads as the principal forces. The excitement along the street at the time was intense, but after a few minutes the keepers managed to restore order.

In Chesterville, says the Belleville *Intelligencer*, a woman voted at the last election. The compiler of the list of voters probably supposed her name, Honor McGloin, to be a man's, and it was left on the list and the officials at the poll accepted her vote. Mrs. McGloin is over 80 years of age, and is perhaps the only woman in Canada who has voted at a Dominion election.

We won't vouch for it, says an exchange, but it is said that there is a young clerk in this city who makes it a special hobby to say bright things. But he has met his match. A bright young school ma'am entered the store in which he works last Saturday, and asked, in a most innocent way, for a bow. "I am at your service," replied the clerk. "Yes," said the young lady, eyeing him closely, "but I want a white one, not a green one." Then a sepulchral silence fell upon him.

Mr. D. F. McDonald, who has been a resident of Parry Sound for many years, and who is known by almost every citizen, walked through the main streets of that town the morning after the elections totally unrecognized. When the Mackenzie government was put our of power in 1878 Mr. McDonald took a solemn vow never to shave his face until the Liberal party had control of the country again. He kept his resolve, and until the morning of the 24th of June last he wore a noble beard. On that morning, however, when he learned that the Liberals were victorious, he shaved off his beard and it made such a change in his appearance that few knew him as the D. F. McDonald of old.

N. F. Davin has the honor of being elected to parliament for Western Assiniboia by the smallest majority in Canada. There are several cases of a member being elected by a majority of one, but Mr. Davin stands alone in being elected by the vote of the returning officer, the ballots having been declared a tie by the judge at the re-count. The farmers and workers generally of the constituency declared against the government candidate by a large majority. It required the whole of the very large official vote of the constituency to balance the hostile majority against him. The tax-payers of Western Assiniboia have been beaten by the tax eaters. However, a protest will be entered and it is likely that before the second session of the new parliament is convened the constituency will have the representative of its choice, and the Territories will present a solid front against robbery by tariff and monopoly —*Edmonton Bulletin.*

Jas. H. Ross, M. L. A., was in Winnipeg this week.

Mr. Hamilton Lang, of Regina, paid Moose Jaw a short visit this week.

The first consignment of butter for this season was shipped to Montreal on Wednesday.

The weather for the past week has been rather cool, with an occasional shower of rain.

Mr. D. J. Young, of the Calgary *Herald*, was a passenger on Sunday evening's train, en route to the Winnipeg exhibition.

Miss Wright, of Indian Head, arrived in town last week, and will spend a month in Moose Jaw visiting her sister, Mrs. Jas. Mair.

The average age of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers is 55½ years. Sir Oliver is the oldest, being 76. Hon. Mr. Scott is 71. Eight of the Ministers are under 54. Hon. Mr. Laurier is 55.

The fifth annual convention of the Central Farmer's Institute of Manitoba opened at Brandon on Wednesday, July 15th, president James Elder in the chair. A number of very excellent addresses were delivered, including one by Prof. Robertson, which appears in another column.

Mr. Lawrence King, a Moose Jaw farmer, had the misfortune to have his stable destroyed by fire on Thursday of last week. There were in the stable at the time five valuable horses, which were all burned to death. A spark from the hired man's pipe is supposed to have been the cause of the fire.

Commencing on July 28th, the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run special weekly excursions to Banff and Glacier at ridiculously low rates, and will also give low excursion rates east. Lake steamers leave Fort William for Windsor on Wednesday, and for Owen Sound on Thursday and Sunday, connecting train from Moose Jaw Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

An Indian chief rashly swallowed a spoonful of mustard which made his eyes water. Another chief asked why he wept. Being ashamed to name the true cause, he replied that he was thinking of his son who was killed in battle. The other chief then took some mustard, and being asked in turn why he wept, answered: "I weep to think that you were not killed when your son was."

Condr. Harry Hubbell and Brakesmen McLeod and Keyes were in Regina on Thursday, July 16th, to give evidence at the trial of a rancher hailing from High River, who was charged with attempting suicide, by cutting his throat, while in a C.P.R. caboose a short time ago. He was tried before Judge Richardson. A plea of temporary insanity was made and the case was dismissed. Defendant was on his way to the Manitoba market with some cars of stock when he committed the rash act.

Mr. Bryant, the Democratic candidate for the United States presidency, is only 36 years of age, and if elected he will be the youngest man who has ever occupied the White House at Washington. He is, undoubtedly, a clever man, and one of the battle cries in the coming campaign will be the words with which he concluded his great oration, which certainly won him the nomination of the Chicago convention. They ran in this wise: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor a crown of thorns: you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

A despatch from St. Paul states that the Great Falls and Canada railroad, the narrow-guage line running from Great Falls, Mont., to Lethbridge, Alberta, will be widened and made standard guage. Construction trains will be put on at once and the railroad will be re built as soon as it can be done. The work of building the bridges and trestles will be continued as fast as possible. This will permit direct connection to the Soo and Canadian Pacific lines, and the latter will make a bid for the business of North Montana in competition with the Great Northern.

On Tuesday of this week our genial townsman and popular butcher, Mr. Hugh Ferguson, had a rather exciting experience while attempting to weigh a young steer and heifer on the weigh scales in the vicinity of Riddell & McDonald's livery stables. He had them secured by means of a long rope—one on each end—and succeeded in getting them on the scales all right. But when the young heifer realized that it was their weight he was after, she grew very indignant and proceeded to raise quite a disturbance. They first made for a substantial carriage belonging to one of our successful ranchers, and turned it bottom side up, and in so doing smashed the ornamental side lamps, fixings, etc. Then they spied a handsome young man coming up High street on his spirited saddle horse and of course made after him. One went to the right side, the other to the left, the ponderous rope catching the horse, very nearly gave it the "Dutch flip," and sat the haughty rider unceremoniously on the ground. Nothing else being in sight at the time, they very reluctantly consented to let themselves be weighed, and as they figured up fairly well, Mr. Ferguson thought it was "na sa bad" after all.

The Rev. W. Watson will conduct Divine service at Scelt's, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. James Ostrander arrived home from the east on Wednesday morning, after disposing of a goodly number of horses.

Mr. Dorenwend, hair dresser, of Toronto, arrived in town from the west on Saturday and left for Winnipeg on Sunday evening.

Men and boys! Never before have we offered you such bargains in felt hats. You can see them on our centre tables. About 100 to choose from. Your choice for 50c. T. W. ROBINSON.

Messrs. Wm. Simington and Wm. Baxter returned from Winnipeg Thursday morning. They intended going to Portland by the eastern route, but on enquiry at Winnipeg it was learned that they could do much better by going by the Mountains, and they accordingly done so. They left for the west this morning.

The North-West Territories Gazette of July 15th, contains the following appointments: To be coroner, H. J. Donovan, of Canmore, Alta. To be poundkeepers, Jas. Keenan, of Moosomin; Robert Fox, of Pengarth; and Ernest Cochrane, Sergt. in the North-West Mounted Police force, Regina. The several conditions required by the School Ordinance having been complied with, His Honor has been pleased to proclaim two new school districts. This addition raises the number of schools in the Territories to 427.

STRAYED.

Strayed from my herd on Sec. 32, Tp. 16, Rg. 27, about 15th of May, 1896, one roan yearling heifer. Any information leading to her recovery will be suitably rewarded. F. W. GREEN, Moose Jaw. 3 5

STRAYED.

Strayed on to my premises, about the last of June, one red heifer about one year old. No marks excepting a little white under each flank. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. D. McMILLAN, Moose Jaw. 3 5

Help Wanted—Female!

WORK FOR MEN AND WOMEN. We pay $6 to $10 per week for easy home work. Child can do it. **No Scheme, Books or Peddling.** This is bona fide. Send stamp for work and particulars at once. THE SEYMOUR SUPPLY CO., Masonic Temple, Camden, N.J. 45-1y

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Bicycles at Cost

Children's Carriages and Furniture at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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Canadian Pacific RAILWAY.

Special Weekly Excursions
..TO..
Banff and Glacier
COMMENCING
JULY 28TH, '96

Ridiculously low rates. Excursion rates east, choice of routes going and returning, including the famous Mackinaw, without extra cost.

Lake Steamers leave Fort William
WEDNESDAY for....WINDSOR
THURSDAY for..OWEN SOUND
SUNDAY for....OWEN SOUND
Connecting trains from Moose Jaw on Thursday, Tuesday and Friday

Apply for summer tour book to
J. K. STEVENSON,
Agent, Moose Jaw, or to
ROBERT KERR,
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg.

CLOTHING CLOTHING CLOTHING

....FOR....

Men, Boys, and Children

Special Clothing Sale for the Balance of this Month only.

Commencing to-morrow we will offer from our large and high class stock of clothing the greatest inducements and grandest bargains ever offered to the public here. We find our stock far too large and it must be reduced, hence the sacrifice which will be made. Here are a few of the proofs, and yours if you want them.

FOR OUR MEN

Black and blue fine wool serge suits, well worth $6 00, we're going to clear them out at $3.95; men's Canadian tweed suits in stripes and checks, good for any English or American money to the size of $7.00, your pick of 'em at $4.50 a suit! Men's all-wool Canadian dark tweed suits at $6.50. This is as fine a suit as you'll wish to wear and is worth almost double the price, but we won't hang on to them. In men's English and Scotch tweed, serge and worsted suits we can show some of the greatest snaps that you ever had the privilege of seeing.

BOY'S SUITS.

Boys' three piece suits in serges and tweeds, $3.50, well worth $5.00; boys' all-wool Canadian and imported tweeds in plain and mixed colors, nothing to equal them for less than $6.00 and $7.00; we've put them down to $4.00 and $5.00.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Children's two piece suits in blue serges and fancy tweeds $2.00—good value at $3.00; children's fine mixed tweed suits, plaited back and front, little beauties, regular price $4 00—well worth it too—to-morrow's price $3.00. All other lines in boys' suits at cut prices in proportion.

PANTS.

Men's Canadian tweed pants $1.10. These are good and are generally sold for $1.50 to $1.75. Men's all-wool tweed pants $1.25, worth $2.00; men's fine black worsted pants $2.90 equal to any $4 00 pants. Men's odd vests, assorted tweeds, 90 cts.; men's odd vests, black worsteds, $1.25.

Remember the prices are for cash only. Know a good thing when you see it.

M. J. MacLEOD.

90 IN THE SHADE

This is the season for Ice Cream, Lemonade, Soft Drinks, etc.

If You Want the Best - -
..CALL AT..
- - Thos. Healey's Store.

Fresh Fruit always on hand. Best Ice Cream Parlor in the Territories. Tobacco and Cigars constantly in stock.

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Bargains
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At R. L. Slater's
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BY RAIL, STEAMER LAKE, WAGHORN'S GUIDE